

# FRANK LESLIE'S WEEKLY BATTLE-PIECE

## NEWS-PAPER

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NEW YORK, AUGUST 22, 1863.

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### SIEGE OF CHARLESTON.

THE attack on Charleston so long prepared, so often begun, so often deferred to the general grief of the country, seems now undertaken in earnest. Gen. Gillmore, an engineer of great ability, now commands, and has thus far shown his complete fitness for the task. His surprise of the rebels on Morris Island on July 10, was complete, and he swept them back to Fort Wagner before they were completely conscious of his design. The attack, no less terrible than unexpected, permitted no preparation. Wagner, from its material, a shifting sand, has defied cannonade and repulsed assault; but Gen. Gillmore has already, without waiting for its reduction, planted the first cannon to breach Sumter, and every day will bring stirring news.

The scene is described as grand. The ironclads, monitors and gunboats, and Gillmore's land forces on one side, keep up a constant fire on Wagner, Cumming's Point and Sumter, which they answer no less vigorously.

Our Artists give us several sketches illustrating this great event of the war—among them the capture of the Morris Island batteries, July 10; a sketch of Fort Wagner and Cumming's Point, showing also Fort Sumter and Moultrieville, the bombardment of Fort Wagner by the ironclads and gunboats, and the unsuccessful night attack made on the night of July 18.

Independent of the importance of Charleston as a great centre of trade and one of the main avenues by which England has furnished the rebellion with the arms and supplies that have enabled the leaders to defy so long the power of the Government, the fact that here the war began, that Fort Sumter was wrested by arms from the United States and produced a war which, even admitting the right of secession, was an aggressive one on the part of the Confederates, calls for every exertion on the part of the Government and its officers to reduce Sumter and Charleston. Great as the influence of Gettysburg, Vicksburg and Port Hudson have been in Europe, the capture of Sumter would come with still greater force, and convince Europe that the general Government had, in the sympathy of the loyal, power to crush rebellion.

The flag of the Union floating over Charleston would decide hesitating North Carolina and grumbling Georgia; it would enable the other States, without a sacrifice of national pride, to secede from a hollow Confederacy and seek a restoration of the happiness which blessed the land four years since.

### SNYDER'S OR HAINES'S BLUFF ON THE YAZOO.

This point, which has played a very conspicuous part in the history of the war in the West, is known by various names, that of Haines's Bluff being most

common, although from its present owner it is called Snyder's. When Gen. Grant was still besieging Vicksburg, he fortified this point so as to be able to meet the threatened attack of Gen. Johnston on his rear. Johnston was, however, too feeble in men, munitions and spirit to meet the victorious Grant; he waited to see Pemberton surrender and then fled, pursued by Gen. Sherman, losing men and material at every step; and instead of crushing Grant at Snyder's Bluff and relieving Pemberton, now enjoys a full meed of Southern execration.

### BRIG.-GEN. GEO. CROCKETT STRONG, U. S. A.,

WHO died lately in New York, from wounds received in the assault on Fort Wagner, was an Ordnance officer of the U. S. Army, a graduate of West Point, full of ability, professional skill and everything that constitutes the true gentleman and soldier. He was a native of Stockbridge, Vt., born in 1832, and educated at East Hampton, Mass., prior to his entrance to West Point, in 1857. On graduating he was put in charge of the Bridesbury arsenal, and then transferred to Fortress Monroe and Selma, Ala. At the breaking out of the war he was at the Watervliet arsenal, but soon joined McDowell's staff, and fought gallantly at Bull Run. After a short service on McClellan's staff he was appointed Assistant-Adjutant-General Gen. Butler, whom he accompanied to the Gulf. There Major Strong distinguished himself at Biloxi and in the perilous adventure up the Tangipahoa river, capturing Pontchartrain, the headquarters

of Gen. Jeff Thompson. On the recall of Gen. Butler, Major Strong returned to New York, but finding that the General was not likely to receive an active command, he volunteered to go with Gen. Gillmore to Charleston, so anxious was he to see active service. He had in February been made a Brig.-Gen. of Volunteers, and received a command consistent with his rank. Although in ill-health, he avoided no toil, and in the attack on Fort Wagner fell in the front of the battle, on the 18th July, grievously wounded in the thigh by a fragment of shell. He was brought on to New York, and hopes entertained of his ultimate recovery, but lockjaw supervened, and he died on the 30th of July, in the month of our greatest victories. He was the author of the lively work, "Cadet Life at West Point."

### BRIG.-GEN. THOMAS W. SHERMAN.

TWO Generals of the name of Sherman have won distinction in the present war, and in many things they are likely to be confounded, as both belong to the same regiment in the regular army. Both have been engaged in the late operations on the Mississippi, one under Grant, the other under Banks.

Brig.-Gen. Thomas W. Sherman, so dangerously wounded in the attack on Port Hudson, was born in Newport, Rhode Island, and entered the Military Academy, West Point, in 1832, under an appointment from his own State. On being graduated he received a 2d Lieutenant's commission in the 3d Artillery. The next year he was Assistant Commissary of Subsistence. He served with distinction in Florida, and wa



SIEGE OF CHARLESTON, S. C.—NIGHT ATTACK OF THE U. S. TROOPS ON FORT WAGNER, JULY 18 — FROM A SKETCH BY AN OFFICER OF THE 7TH U. S. VOL.

regarded as one of the best artillerists in the country. His battery soon became distinguished, and at the close of the Mexican war he was a Captain with a Major's brevet won at Buena Vista. He has seen service in Minnesota and Kansas, and commanded the Port Royal expedition in the present war. He invited Fort Pulaski and planned its re-action, but was superseded by Gen. Hunter before it fell. He was next employed in the Department of the Mississippi, and took part in the siege of Corinth. Being then appointed second in command to Gen. Banks, he remained at New Orleans, but in the operations against Port Hudson he commanded the left wing, and led on his men in the assault, receiving a wound in the leg which, it is feared, will prove fatal.

#### Barnum's American Museum.

SUMMER DRAMATIC SEASON, under the direction of that talented and popular actor, C. W. CLARKE, E. Q., assisted by many of the best Artists of the day. Also, to be seen at all hours, the OURANG OUTANG, TIGER CAT, BOA CONSTRICITOR, AUTOMATON WRITER, etc., etc. Admission to all, 25 cents. Children under Ten, 15 cents.

#### FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER.

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All Communications, Books for Review, etc., must be addressed to FRANK LESLIE, 72 Duane Street, between Broadway and Elm, New York.

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#### Summary of the Week.

##### VIRGINIA.

GEN. LEE has fallen back behind the Rapidan—his old position—Fredericksburg being occupied by A. P. Hill's and part of Longstreet's corps, our army occupying Beverly Ford.

Skirmishing continues between the two armies, and on the 31st the 4th Pennsylvania encountered some rebel cavalry near Little Washington, and drove them through the town.

Lee, by proclamation, calls every able-bodied man to join him and strike a decisive blow for the independence of their homes and country, which means the triumph of the cotton lords and the degradation of the poor whites, and the establishment of a power in America ready to carry out the schemes of England and France.

On the 8th a number of sutlers were captured by Mosby's guerrillas, but retaken by our cavalry.

##### TENNESSEE.

Rosecrans's army is at Tullahoma and Winchester, the headquarters being at the latter place. Thomas's corps is at Decherd; Crittenden's at Manchester.

##### MISSISSIPPI.

The rebel Generals Forrest, Biffle and Wilson are retreating, their armies deserting them at every step. Gen. Johnston's army is at Enterprise and Brandon, under the command of Gen. Hardee, and ready to move at a moment's notice.

Pemberton's army is considered in the South more completely lost than if Grant had retained them all as prisoners.

##### NORTH CAROLINA.

An expedition starting from Portsmouth, Va., on July 25, proceeded to Winton, N. C., and the cavalry under Col. Spear struck into Murfreesboro' and Jackson, nearly capturing at the latter town the rebel General Ransom, but the enemy were in strong force near, and the expedition return'd without effecting much. The people in North Carolina are flying to the swamps and mountains, to escape rebel conscription.

##### SOUTH CAROLINA.

On the 1st the rebels made a sortie from Fort Wagner, but were repulsed with loss. The firing on both sides is still continued. A blockade runner attempting to run out was sunk by the gunboats on the 1st.

The President has ordered three South Carolina prisoners to be put in close confinement for three negro seamen, captured on the Isaac Smith, and now in close confinement in Charleston.

Three brigades were recently sent from Richmond to Charleston, and the enemy are apparently concentrating for an obstinate action there.

##### ARKANSAS.

Gen. Davidson is marching through Arkansas, having worsted the rebels in several encounters.

##### NAVAL.

The Iroquois, aided by the Eagle, captured the Kate, a fine English iron steamer, running out of Wilmington.

#### NOTES AND NOTICES.

##### A Rebel Dilemma.

A MILITARY friend writes, that had we a Government capable of a true strategic move, it would take immediate advantage of the returning Unionists of North Carolina, never heartily Secesh, and risk an army there capable of bringing her back into the Union. This would place Jeff Davis in a dilemma: he must either abandon that State altogether or transfer the war to it, thus giving up Virginia. The peculiar position of North Carolina—sandwiched as it were between South Carolina and Virginia—prevents her doing anything decisive without the assistance of a powerful Northern army. Now, surely, it would be easier for us to throw 100,000 men into Raleigh, without interfering with our present operations, than it would be for Davis to march troops there without leaving Richmond at our mercy. This would confine the rebellion within the Cotton States, where it might be left to smoulder and languish for another year, which could be employed by us in narrowing still more the area of Secession.

##### A Golden Brain.

DANIEL WEBSTER, despite his occasional compliments to the press, had a supreme contempt for its opinion. He admired the energy, intelligence, patience and the occasional learning possessed by the knights of the quill, but he maintained there was too much of the Dugald Dalgety in them to render their judgment reliable. This opinion he meant principally to apply to the American and English journals, which he regarded as the only two free presses in the world, the word "free" here meaning liberty to publish anything their conductors chose without reference to the Government. Our great expounder, therefore, while turning from the editorials with contempt or indifference, always studied the stock market, more especially that of England, which he maintained had "the dullest brain and the wisest pocket on the globe." Judged by this rule, we need not care for the noisy editorials of the London journals, but turn at once to the quotations of funds. From these it is clear the rebellion is rapidly collapsing. The battle of Gettysburg brought up United States stock 7 per cent., and threw rebel stock down 4 per cent. The latest news from Europe is, that the fall of Vicksburg and Port Hudson has created quite a panic in the London market, depressing Confederate bonds 15 per cent., and elevating ours another 3 per cent. The real state of British opinion is not to be got from corrupt, ignorant or bigoted editors, but from that source of English intellect—the pocket.

##### The Seaside.

THE very word has a magic in it; and yet how often we hear old curmudges rail at their wives and daughters for dragging them down to the seaside, away from all their comfortable basement and luxurious bedroom to the crowd, bustle and dormitories of some oceanic caravan. Their growing is shortsighted; the very change and discomfort are healthful! It shakes them up, drives away gout and apoplexy. Nothing kills faster and surer than monotony, especially the monotony of luxury. When a dyspeptic millionaire went to Dr. Parker and asked what he should do to recover his health, appetite, strength and cheerfulness, the physician said, "Live upon a dime a day and earn it." The next thing to regular labor and temperance is change of air and diet. These you can get at the seaside. Our readers will observe that we have not taken into account Mrs. and Miss Millionaires, who, of course, can no more live without Long Branch, Saratoga and Sachem's Head than they can without the opera and Broadway. We leave them to defend their own natural rights; we merely address a few words to Pato families, warning him of the bad results of commercial monotony. So away to the seaside, ye fat and pursy citizens of Gotham, and come back with renewed energy to add up your ledgers, and see that your cashiers are not cheating you!

##### Fighting with a Lady on one's Arm.

EVERY wise man, should he get into a fight when he has a lady on his arm, immediately puts his fair encumbrance under the protection of some bystander, and then turns to thrash his assailants. We can easily understand how embarrassed his every action would be if his young woman insisted upon clinging to his arm. The chances are he would get well trounced and lose his lady in the bargain. Now Uncle Sam has been pretty much in that condition. He has from the beginning been more anxious to protect his Miss Washington, of the magnificent instances, than to finish the war, and, instead of handing her over to some discreet friend, or leaving her to take her chance, he has been all the time fighting with only one arm and no eyes, the latter organs being entirely given up to looking after his ladylove. We have lost four several opportunities of defeating Davis and capturing his rebel nest, because "the young lady on our arm" has set up a few faint dear little shrieks of hysterics, which no doubt she is paid for doing by her first love, Count Lothario Secession. If Uncle Sam would only give that pet lady of his under charge of the police, he could settle with his enemies without any difficulty.

##### An Accessible Spot.

THE difficulty of getting at your creditor, Richmond or the Emperor of China is well-known, but we are inclined to think there is a still greater inaccessibility, and that is the new Territory of Idaho. We have all laughed at the boy's direction, as given in, "Salmagundi," how to get to Washington from Harlem: "Go along the 3d Avenue and then turn to the right!" But the way to Idaho is no laughing matter, if you are obliged to go there. Mr. Sidney Edgerton, late Member of Congress from Ohio, who has been appointed Chief Justice, was to start with his family for the Territory on the 25th June. It was their design to proceed by rail and water direct to Omaha city, Nebraska, from which point they will travel with ox teams up the north side of the Platte to Fort Laramie, thence up the North Platte and Sweet Water to the South Pass, thence through the northern portion of the Great Basin to the Lewis fork of the Columbia river, and thence northwardly some 250 miles to Lewiston, the present capital of the Territory; distance from Omaha probably 1,500 miles. Idaho embraces the head waters of the Missouri and its tributaries upon the east, and the Columbia and its tributaries upon the west side of the Rocky Mountains.

##### A Great Bond of Sympathy.

THE cloven foot is shown in many ways. One of the Richmond papers, whose Confederacy is based on repudiation, in an elaborate article contrast-

ing France and England, is very severe on the latter country for not recognizing the Southern States, and attributes the chief motive to the fear of getting into a war with the Northern States, adding, very naively:

"The British people of our day have been educated into a horror of war as the most costly of all extravagances. Napoleon defined the English to be a nation of sheep-keepers. The definition was then but partially true, and they convinced him of it before they were done with him. The British was once a combative as well as a mercantile race. But it is no longer so. Many wars have saddled it with an incredible debt and weighted all its movements with monstrous taxation. The people who live in those islands have been taught by every circumstance of their lives that wars mean taxes. They pay the price of their ancestors' glory, and have fixed deep in their hearts the conviction that glory costs more than it is worth. The British people will not fight any more. A ministry that appears to keep the nation out of the ring where broken heads are plenty and brickbats flying around will always find itself on the strong side, and never have the least difficulty in settling the Roebucks and their like."

So much for "debt paying" John Bull. Now let us hear what our Southern friend very naively says of France:

"France is a very different country. The French, too, have had their wars. But they have not swallowed the opiate of a national debt. From time to time France has coolly repudiated its debt, and neither this nor any other generation of Frenchmen are deaf to the voice of active ambition. To be popular in France, the ruler for the time must bestir himself, must enlarge the sphere of French influence, and treat the people to a dish of carnage now and then."

How delicately the repudiators meet!

##### Yancey.

WILLIAM L. YANCEY is dead. In the midst of the tempest which, more than most of Southern leaders, he had labored to create, he has passed away from the arena of human affairs. He who in his wild ambition toiled for years to effect a dissolution of the Union, in hopes of building up a Southern monarchy, of which in dreams he was the king, beheld the power pass into other hands, and died, regretted only as the most eloquent and polished orator of the Confederate Senate. And this was all! This the sole reward of scheme, and plan, and civil war, and desolated homes, and the ruin of the South. Alas! poor human ambition!

Yancey, one of those whom the London *Times* styles the "unhanged murderers" of the South, was a native of South Carolina, born at Columbia, in 1815; but soon after reaching man's estate shot his own uncle, and was tried, convicted and sentenced to imprisonment, but escaped by the influence of his family and friends, who procured a pardon. With this stain on his character he left his native State, and embarking in the profession of the law, in Alabama, soon rose to distinction, advocating, on all occasions, the interests of the cotton lords, and crushing all efforts of the poor whites to better their degraded condition. Fluent, polished, eloquent, he became a leader in his State. In 1844 he was elected to Congress, and has since been known to the country at large. In 1845 he asked the restoration of slavery in the Northern States, was an extremist in 1850, and in 1858 labored, as he expressed it, "to fire the Southern heart," with what fatal effects need not be told. During the election of 1860 he visited the North, and may be remembered by many. When the government of the rebel organization passed to Jefferson Davis the career of Yancey really closed. An honorable banishment to Europe was followed by the position of Senator from his adopted State. No post in the cabinet or field was bestowed upon the able and aggressive Yancey. He became merely "the ornament of the Senate," and his deathbed must have been tortured by grief for the past.

##### The Origin of a Name.

THE origin of names is a puzzle. The first three persons were in company it was necessary to adopt some term to designate the third. Whether Adam was Smith, Brown, Jones, or Robinson, it is not possible now to ascertain, and we must therefore content ourselves with picking up now and then a stray item of nominology. A correspondent informs us that, in a book, published in London, 1698, entitled, "A New Discovery of a Country greater than Europe," written by L. Hennepin, there is this passage:

"The Spaniards were the first who discovered Canada; but at their arrival, having found nothing considerable in it, they abandoned the country, and called it Il Capa di Nada—that is, a cape of nothing; hence, by corruption, sprung the word Canada, which we use in all our maps."

Considering how sensitive our Canadian friends are, and the great strides they have made in material prosperity, they are certainly very flourishing specimens of nothing.

##### The Queen's Speech.

THE official voice of England thus for the present settles intervention:

"The civil war between the Northern and Southern States of the North American Union still unfortunately continues, and is necessarily attended with much evil, not only to the contending parties but also to nations which have taken no part in the contest. Her Majesty, however, has seen no reason to depart from that strict neutrality which her Majesty has observed from the beginning of the contest."

And in another part the Queen says:

"It has been gratifying to her Majesty to observe that, notwithstanding many adverse circumstances, the general prosperity of the empire continues unimpaired, though great local distress has been suffered in Great Britain from the effects of the civil war in America, and in Ireland from the results of the unfavorable seasons. The financial resources of the United Kingdom have been fully maintained, and the general commerce with the world has not been materially impaired."

##### BOOK NOTICES.

AMERICAN PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL AND LIFE ILLUSTRATED: A Repository of Science, Literature and General Intelligence. Vol. xxviii. New York: Fowler & Wells.

That phrenology has many believers is evinced by the success which has attended Messrs. Fowler & Wells, who have just begun the 38th volume of their journal. It is one of the neatest papers that reaches us, and is conducted with an editorial skill and ability which make the cause of its success evident. Something is always to be learned from its well-written and illustrated papers, and many who rather laugh at phrenology as a science are always the most anxious for the arrival of the current number.

WOMANHOOD is greater than wifehood. It comprehends and embraces it. The best woman will make the best wife.

#### EPITOME OF THE WEEK.

**Domestic.**—Gen. Butler, the celebrated trotting horse, which was bet to trot three miles in 7 3/4, made the attempt on the Fashion course on the 1st of August, but lost by one second and a half.

—A son of Eric's Isle, named Michael B. Hulen, who, with his wife, has for years driven a pedlar's cart about New Haven, buying old o'hes, gl' awe, etc., has had \$80,000 left him recently by the death of an uncle in India.

—Mr. Brandegee, the Connecticut Member of Congress, who was drafted, furnished a substitute, whom he took from New London to Norwich, where he was accepted. After his acceptance, the principal handed his representative a dollar, with directions to "Go and drink Gen. Grant's health, and make sure to be at the train when it should leave for New London." The time for the departure of the train arrived and no substitute was visible. The train was on the eve of leaving, when Mr. Substitute hove in sight, bearing indubitable evidence that he had seen Gen. Grant. The conductor told him to hurry up. "Never you mind," replied the substitute, "you will have to wait for me. I want you to understand that I am a Member of Congress."

—The yacht Gleam, belonging to J. Wright, jun. of South Boston, has been seized by the Collector of that port, on the ground that her owner, in obtaining a register for her, represented that he was an American citizen, whereas he has recently obtained exemption from the draft by a certificate that he is an alien.

—One of the Professors of Girard College, while on the point of starting with his fair bride on his honeymoon, last week was met by a friend, who announced that he had been drafted. The unlucky bridegroom, forgetting the presence of his fair wife, cried out, "Confound the draft; one trouble seldom comes alone!"

—In Jamaica, L. L., lately, a lady, in a fit of somnambulism, walked into the principal street of the village, in the early morning, perfectly nude. Her distress of mind, when awakened, was terrible.

—The carelessness and rascality of the enrolling officers is much complained of. Many houses where well-known Republicans reside are never called upon, while others, where Democrats reside, are put down twice. One gentleman writes to the *Herald* to say that so little caution was observed in his ward that he was drawn four times. In another ward two men were drafted who had been dead several years.

—W. T. Tweed has been elected Sachem at the Old Wigwam, Tammany; his competitors were John Clancy, Boole and Terence Farley.

—A correspondent in the *New York Herald*, of the 2d August says, that despite the new postal law, which provides for the free delivery of letters, black mail is levied by the carriers, by their informing merchants that the preference will be given to those who pay the old additional charge.

—The public grievedly complain of the vexations behavior of the rail car employes, more especially on the 3d and 4th Avenue, in refusing to take either greenbacks or postal currency with the least tear in them, even though none of it be missing. Many of the conductors refuse to take soiled notes.

—Judge Betts has condemned the ships and cargoes of the Pete Hoff, Springbok and other British vessels, alleged blockade breakers. It is considered very likely that we shall have trouble with England on this point.

—It has been decided by the Supreme Court that Judge McCunn has no power to issue writs of *habeas corpus*.

—The new Street Inspector, Alderman Boole, has proved himself a most efficient public officer. On Saturday, the 1st of August, he took a number of our principal citizens round the city to show that it was clean.

—Philadelphia has got through with the draft. Out of 567,000 she has contributed 18,000. This would make our quota about 30,000.

—The State Convention of the Tammany Democracy is to be held in Albany on the 9th August.

—Nevada sends a bar of silver, worth \$18,000, as her contribution to the New York Christian Commission.

—The steamship Northern Light, from Aspinwall, 27th July, arrived here on the 6th August with \$250,000 in gold.

—The Pennsylvania Union Convention met at Pittsburgh, 5th August. John Covode having declined to be a candidate, Governor Curtin was nominated for Governor on the first ballot—95 votes to 36 scattered among four other candidates.

—The recent storm was a perfect tornado in Genesee county, entirely destroying the crops in a large section of the county. The village of Cary suffered the loss of nearly every pane of glass exposed to the storm struck; apples and ears beat into a pulp by the blocks of hail, and

call over 30. Now, that the call is extended to 45, there are many who rejoice in the ripening aspect of grizzly hair, and are just turned 40. At this rate old age will soon overtake this class of our population. Really, *tempus fugit!*" It also says: "The Yankee prisoners now in Richmond number 4,300, of which number 3,300 are at the Belle Isle encampment. Several thousand were sent northward last week. Very few additional prisoners were received yesterday from all sources. The central train brought none, for a wonder. The Gettysburg fountain of 'blue bellies' has about run dry. The number of officers held by us is an interesting fact in connection with the refusal of the Yankees to respect the cartel of exchange. The number in our custody now is 623, all commissioned."

The recent call made by Jeff Davis for more troops has struck terror into North Carolina, and every man liable to conscription is flying to the swamps and forests to avoid it. The press of Raleigh openly advocates a return to the Union.

The Fayetteville *Observer* (N. C.) published a letter from Capt. Maffit, Florida pirate ship, Pernambuco, May 12, 1863. We make a few extracts: "I feel happy to tell you that the Florida has been doing a fierce business; up to May 11 she has destroyed \$9,700,000 of Yankee commerce and claimed 13 Federal men-of-war sent to destroy her and the Alabama. The Florida and Alabama destroyed 10 of the enemy's largest vessels on April 22, within 60 miles of each other, but up to May 13 have not met."

The Richmond *Sentinel*, Aug. 1, says: "A lecture at the B. & H. meeting-house, Union Hill, tomorrow forenoon, is announced. The subject is, 'The Northern States of America the most likely location of the Lake of Fire and Brimstone, in which the Beast and the False Prophet will be tormented.' Greely is the beast, and Beecher the 'other gentleman named.'

**Military.**—Fifty-six slaves, who had been sent by their owners to Baltimore Jail for safety, were released by Gen. Schenck, whereupon all the men enlisted in Col. Birney's colored regiment.

Gen. Shackleford, who captured Morgan, is a Kentuckian, an eminent lawyer, and an ardent Union man. He entered the war with a full conscience in the right and a bright sword in his hand. It was a happy sequel that a Kentucky rebel like Morgan should be pursued and taken by a Kentucky heart-whole patriot and accomplished soldier like Shackleford.

There are no prisoners of any kind now confined at the Rip-Raps. About 125 laborers, however, mostly negroes, are engaged upon the work. In all, 52 casemates are completed, and the traverse iron are already laid for mounting the guns, which are to be 10-inch columbiads. The fort is to have three tiers of guns, and will be very formidable. The island is a mile in circumference, and it contains 10 acres. It is nearly the shape of a chain link. The blocks of granite used in the construction of the walls are brought from Quincy, Mass. The island is artificial, and it has sunk three times.

It is estimated that only 5,000 or one-third of the drafted men of Maine will be forthcoming, the remainder being exempted either for disability or having seen service, or from some other satisfactory cause. The conscripts will rendezvous at Portland.

Capt. Adams, of the 4th U. S. Artillery, picked up on the Gettysburg field an explosive minie rifle bullet. It is made of pot metal. Splitting it open with his sword he found a small chamber in the centre in which was a copper receiver filled with phosphorus and fulminate, a fuse extending to that portion of the cartridge containing the powder. It was the evident design of the inventor of this fiendish missile to have it explode after entering the body of the person shot, thereby causing a more frightful wound than the ordinary bullet, and insuring death.

A correspondent requests us to set the public right as to who the Capt. Ladd is whose corruption, having been discovered, made him, of course, a criminal, a distinction not earned by those who have not yet been found out. There are several persons of the same name in the Pay Department of the army; among them is Col. Ben. F. Ladd, who became Ensign in the 21st Infantry, October 1st, 1813; Chas. T. Ladd, appointed June 1st, 1861; Wm. Ladd, appointed September 5th, 1861. These appear to be respectable men and competent officers, but not so with this criminally indicted Frederic S. Ladd, who got to be made a Captain in the 12th United States Infantry on the 14th of May, 1861. He was born in Massachusetts, and was appointed from Missouri. What he ever did to be allowed to wear a military uniform we do not know, nor does anybody else, except the possession of an unlimited amount of impudence, arrogance and self-conceit secured him the position he has so unworthily filled. While occupying the position he did in this city he probably did more to interfere with the recruiting business than any officer vested with power since the war commenced. In this matter New York city has been especially unfortunate, and it is strange that the War Department does not appoint some honest man at this post to see that the people are not swindled out of hundreds of volunteers, and the Government robbed out of thousands of dollars.

Mail robberies are very frequent in the army. The only way is to send money through the Express.

Gen. R. E. Lee, the rebel, has issued a general order which contains this passage: "To remain at home in the hour of our country's need is unworthy the manhood of a Southern soldier. Who so proudly boast that you belong to the army of Northern Virginia let it not be said that you deserted your comrades in a contest in which everything you hold dear is at stake. The Commanding General appeals to the people of the State to send forth every man able to bear arms to aid the brave soldiers, who have so often beaten back our foes, to strike a decisive blow for the safety and sanctity of our homes, and the independence of our country."

The Lynchburg *Virginian* says that the rebel Government is pressing every horse constable into the artillery, to enable Gen. Lee to strike a decisive blow very soon.

Gen. Frank Blair made a speech at St. Louis on the 4th inst., in which he declared the opening of the Mississippi River as the grandest military operation on record, and that the glory belonged to Gen. Grant. He lauded at the idea of Halleck and Stanton claiming any share in it.

John W. Farmer, the "Good Samaritan of New York," as the *Boston Post* calls him, sends us this communication: "If the wealthy men would contribute what they could spare, and establish in each ward a storehouse from whence all the necessities of life, tea, coffee, sugar, bread, meat, etc., could be supplied liberally to the families of poor drafted men or volunteers I am satisfied from my own observation that we should have no lack of soldiers to fight our battles. And landlords should make it known that, if any of their tenants are drafted or volunteer, their families can live rent free until their return. I, for one, am determined to do so. I hope all others will follow my example. By adopting this course and carrying it out faithfully, I am satisfied it would give more general satisfaction than the present system of relief to volunteers' families."

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Complaint is made that there is an unwillingness on the part of army officers to take command of negro troops, and this is attributed to a feeling of repugnance toward the colored race. There are other cogent reasons more likely to produce the same result. Negro regiments are generally put in front in storming fortifications, where they themselves and their officers stand a flat chance of being demolished. Then there is a standing threat of the rebels to hang the officers of negro troops when captured, and to sell the privates into slavery. We are not aware that our Government has ever compelled the retraction of this barbarous order. The position of an officer of such troops is, therefore, what an underwriter would call extra hazardous; and it requires a man to be not only fond of glory but tired of his life to accept it.

Among the very best regiments in the service is the 14th New York, popularly known as the Brooklyn. It has been in 23 battles, and behaved well in all. Its first Colonel, Alfred M. Wood, was wounded in Bull Run, and fell into the hands of the rebels. When exchanged, his health was too much shattered to allow him to resume the command, which had devolved upon Col. Fowler, one of the very best officers in the service, and who will doubtless soon be promoted. The Lieut.-Col. is Jordan, an equally admirable officer, and very popular. Owing to their numerous engagements, very few of the original regiment survive.

**Naval.**—Capt. Emmons has left the command of the Monongahela, and ordered as fleet captain of the South Atlantic blockading squadron. Com. Strong has assumed the command of the Monongahela.

The number of vessels entered at this port from foreign ports during the month of July was 505; and the number of vessels cleared for foreign ports during the same period, 440. Of those cleared, 373 were foreign, and only 70 American.

The rebel privateer Florida has been within 50 miles of Sandy Hook during one of her recent raids. The grand resort of all these piratical craft is now St. George's, Bermuda. It has a larger trade with them than Nassau. On a recent occasion the Florida had the impudence to salute the British fort, and the British Governor had the indecency to return it. She was openly supplied by vessels in the harbor.

The iron-clad Canonius was launched on the 1st of Aug., at South Boston. She combines the monitor with the ram, and has more than double the propelling power of any iron-clad afloat, and is expected to make 11 or 12 miles an hour. The plating of her upper hull is five inches thick, backed by and fastened to two beams of wrought iron six inches thick by seven, secured in the woodwork and running entirely round, thus making a belt of iron 13 inches broad and six inches thick under her plating, or a total thickness of 11 inches of wrought iron above water. When ready for sea only 18 inches of her upper hull will rise above the water, and that painted white so as to be invisible at a distance. She was launched with her machinery in her—namely, two turret engines, two pumping engines, two blowing engines, and two propelling engines, to which condensers will be added. Her propelling engines together are of 700 horse power. Her turret will be 12 inches thick, and her pilot-house 10 inches thick, her smokestack 8 inches, and from her bow projects from the upper hull a prow of strongly framed iron, 12 feet in length. Her armament, in her single turret, will consist of two 15-inch Dahlgren guns. She is undoubtedly one of the most formidable and effective iron-clads now afloat. Capt. John Rogers, who was present at the launch, is to command her. He commanded the Weehawken at Warsaw Sound, at the time of the encounter with the Atlanta. The dimensions of the vessel are: 237 feet long, 13½ deep, and 40 beam; the depth of her upper hull being five feet, and her displacement of water about 1,700 tons.

**Personal.**—Gen. Sickles, who must possess not only a soul of adamant but a body of iron, entertained some friends at Delmonico's on the 11th of August.

Mr. Waldance, of St. Louis, the translator of the successful plays of "Griselda" and "Fanchon," has been one of the celebrities in town during the week. Not that translators of foreign plays are any rarity, but that men who translate plays and do not claim them their own are rarities, and ought to be condemned.

Major Kiernan, 6th Missouri cavalry, has been promoted to a Brigadier-General for his gallantry at Vicksburg. He is ordered West to form a colored brigade.

The greatest personal hostility exists between Beauregard and Jeff Davis, for which various reasons are given, some attributing it to military and others to conjugal jealousy. Mr. Davis, with only one eye, is certainly not an Adonis, nor is the undersized P. T. B.

An English naval officer, who boarded the Alabama lately near Bermuda, gives a very glowing account of a splendid entertainment he received from the famous pirate. His cabin is ornamented with an immense number of chronometers, stolen—conveyed, we suppose, from the ships he has captured. These he considers equivalent to scalps, as showing his victims. He says "his only fault is too much goodnature." The crew treat him with great respect and call him the Admiral. He says that he often could have been brought to action by the federal cruisers, but they had avoided him, and that it was not his game to fight vessels of war, but to harass our commerce. He says that he was very nearly firing into an English gunboat, mistaking her for a Yankee one, but fortunately discovered his mistake just in time to prevent a collision. He treats his female captives with the most "enchanting courtesy," being quite a Claude Duval. May he have his fate!

**Obituary.**—Another old resident of the city has gone. Abraham Riker Lawrence died on the 3d August, New York, aged 82. He figured quite prominently in this city as a member of the Democratic party, having held the office of Alderman of the Eighth ward, Appraiser of Imports of the Port and other important positions. He was descended from some of the best families of the English gentry, and was connected with many of the most respectable families of our metropolitan society. He was a graduate of Columbia. In 1797 he entered the office of Lieutenant-Governor Broome, and in 1812-13 he was one of a committee with John Mason, Washington Irving and J. G. Coster to obtain relief from Congress from the penalties of the non-importation act. He likewise at one period held the honorable position of President of the Harlem Railroad Company.

John Jay Crittenden, one of our noblest patriots died in Frankfort, Ky., on the 2d Aug., aged 77. At the early age of 32 he was made Senator of the United States, and he died the representative of his native State. He was twice Attorney-General of the U. S. first under Harrison, and then under Fillmore. He was once Governor of Kentucky, and five times elected a Senator of the Union. He was a conspicuous leader of the Whig party, a friend of Henry Clay, and always conducted himself with a moderation which made him respected by even his political opponents. The efforts of Mr. Crittenden to effect a mutual compromise of our troubles with the South, during the memorable session of Congress in the winter of 1861, prior to the inauguration of Abraham Lincoln, have become masters of history; and the last hope of the Union failed when the twenty-five Republican Senators recorded their votes against what will in all future time be known as the "Crittenden proposition," which Jefferson Davis himself was willing to accept as a final settlement of the negro controversy, and which Senator Douglass, another patriot who has since passed away, declared would have saved all the States of the South to the Union, with perhaps the single exception of South Carolina.

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The wife of Gen. Corcoran, who shot Col. Kimball, died in New York, 4th August, aged 35.

Lieut. Stuart, brother of Col. David Stuart, of Chicago, was drowned on the 30th July, in the Potomac. He was an officer of great attainments.

**Accidents and Offences.**—The 100 pounder rifled cannon on board the revenue steamer Naugatuck burst on the 5th August, while the crew were at target practice. The entire breech of the gun was forced out, and passed through the pilot-house smokestack, deckhouse and cabin, prostrating all hands, knocking one man overboard, and severely injuring five persons. This is the second time the cannon on board this miserable abortion has burst and destroyed life. Surely the person who pretended to make this boat a present to the nation has received enough from the public to afford a new gun, and not the patched-up thing the last one was.

Two little boys, aged nine years, were drowned on the evening of the 5th August, at Hoboken. They were engaged in fishing near the dock, when one fell over, and the other was pulled in by his companion.

The steamer Rush was burnt on the night of the 4th August, near Cairo, on its passage from St. Louis to Vicksburg. Many lives were lost, and an immense sum of money, which was under charge of Major Felger and many other paymasters, to pay Gen. Grant's army. It is said to be the work of an incendiary. The soldiers who were in charge of the Government money are reported to have acted most heroically.

On the afternoon of Monday, the 3d August, a terrific squall of wind arose in Harlem, Mott Haven and other parts of Westchester county, and did much mischief. The roof of the Harlem depot was blown off. It was accompanied by a tremendous hail-storm.

Nearly 100 men and women died on the 4th and 5th August by sunstroke. They were principally Irish, who were much exposed to the sun, and debilitated by hard labor.

Last September a man, named George Lagrange, disputed an item of two cents in his bill at a saloon, at Syracuse. In the course of the discussion Lagrange drew a pistol and seriously wounded the landlord. He has been condemned to four years imprisonment in Auburn prison.

Michael Lynch, a countryman, was knocked down the other night, at the corner of 28th street and 2d avenue, and robbed of his watch and \$200. Four Irishmen were arrested the next day and identified as the robbers.

A man named John Hunt was killed on the 1st August, by an Italian, Salvator Alina, by stabbing. It was occasioned by Hunt daring Alina to fight, when they clinched, and Alina stabbed Hunt to the heart.

The insolent indifference of several of the carmen who take goods to the Barclay street entrance of the Astor House has long been matter of public complaint. The other day a cartman having refused to remove his cart off the sidewalk, the policeman very properly was about to walk the horse off into the road, when he was attacked by the man and several of Mr. Stetson's Irish waiters. The result was that the policeman was compelled to shoot at one of the ruffians in self-defense. The wounded man was taken to the hospital. The spectators completely exonerated the policeman, who acted only when his life was at stake.

Hale and Gilman, two notorious criminals, broke from the Paris jail, Oxford county, Maine, on the night of the 4th inst., and have not yet been arrested.

A terrific tornado passed near Poughkeepsie on the evening of the 30th July. It tore up two large trees, leveled houses, and scattered stone fences. The noise was like the roaring of a thousand railroad trains.

**The Riots.**—The course of justice has been very rapid in the matter of the rioters. Their trial commenced in the Court of General Sessions on the 5th of August. Recorder Hoffman on the bench, and District-Attorney A. Oakley Hall as prosecuting officer. Theodore Arnold, a boy about 17 years of age, pleaded guilty to an indictment for grand larceny, he having taken part in the robbery of the Bull's Head Hotel; he was sentenced to the State Prison for five years. William Watson was convicted on an indictment for robbery in the first degree, for extorting money from Mr. William Chamberlain, on the 16th of July last; he was sentenced to the State Prison for ten years. Michael Doyle and John Conway were jointly convicted on an indictment which charged them with assaulting and robbing Mr. Howell, in the City Hall Park, on the night of the 10th July last; the prisoners were each sentenced to the State Prison for fifteen years. Joseph Marshall was convicted on similar indictment, which charged him with having assaulted and robbed a colored man named Charles Jackson, on the 15th July last; he was remanded for sentence. During the day the Grand Jury brought in 32 additional indictments, to which all the prisoners pleaded not guilty. Some discrimination ought to be made between those who joined in the demons riot from an insane fear of being dragged away from their families and those who incited and joined in the excesses for the sake of plunder and wanton destruction. The editors of some of our papers ought to be also indicted for their inflammatory articles during the riots.

**Foreign.**—Gold in large quantities has been discovered in the tributaries of the River Chaudiere, near Quebec, Canada. One nugget of pure gold weighing 24 ounces, and worth \$18 an ounce, was found in the bed of the river. About \$20,000 worth of gold has been found hitherto. People are flocking in great numbers to these Canadian diggings.

The following "improbably impossible" paragraph is going the rounds of the Press in Europe: "The sword which belonged to Absalom is said to have been found in Bucharest. The blade has on one side the following words, in Hebrew characters: 'Present from Gessur to Absalom, son of David Joch, Joch.' This might have been ordered by Tifany."

The two men who were tried at Sheffield, England, for forging United States greenbacks, have been found guilty—one to be imprisoned for 15 months and the principal criminal to four years' imprisonment with hard labor.

The Duke of Brunswick has been compelled to make an allowance to his illegitimate daughter, the Countess de Civiv.

A terrible fire broke out in Havana on the 22d of July, when the extensive range of buildings known as the Regia Warehouses were destroyed. The loss is over \$2,000,000. The chief produce destroyed is sugar and coffee. The buildings cost \$150,000.

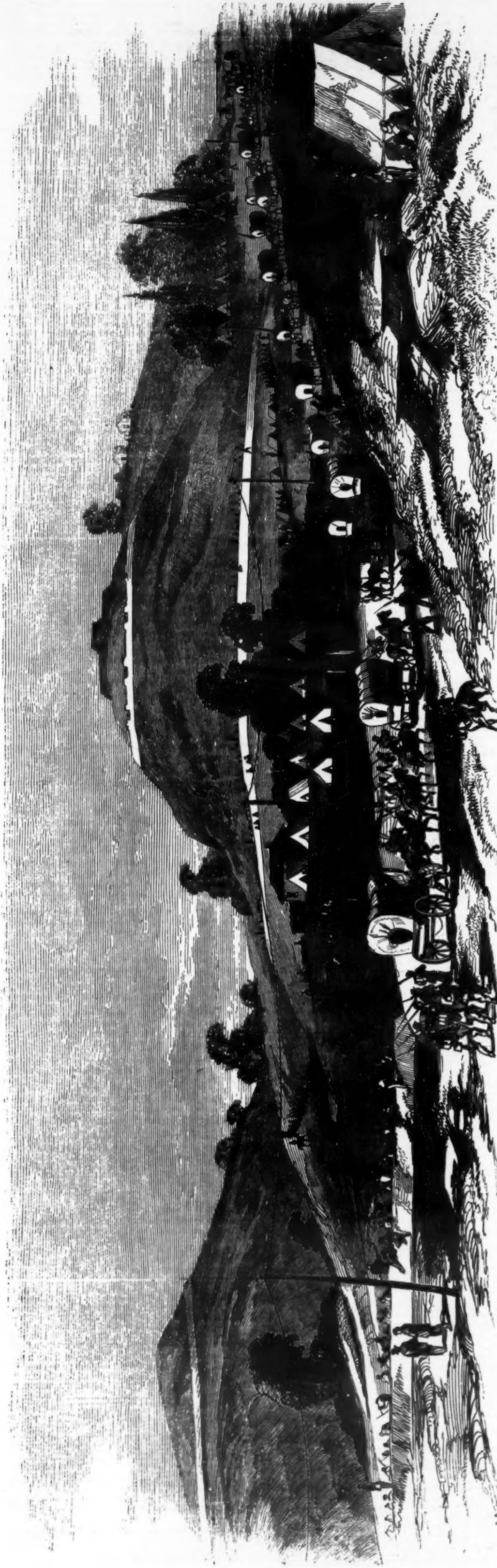
The death of the Duke of Hamilton, who married a relation of Louis Napoleon, is thus related in a private letter: "On Friday evening last the Duke, with a friend, dined, we may presume copiously and freely, with a friend at the *Maison Dorée*. After this they visited that favorite resort of model aristocrats, the *Jardin Mabille*, and returned at a late hour, in company with some 'fair but frail' companions, to the *Maison Dorée*, where they supped and remained

till seven o'clock on Saturday morning. In coming out the Duke of Hamilton, overcome with wine, fell from the top to the bottom of the stairs, was taken up and carried to his hotel, and never spoke afterwards. The mother of the Duchess of Hamilton was an intimate personal friend of the Empress. The Empress, upon hearing of the accident, immediately went to the *Maison Dorée*, and persuaded the Duchess, with her children, to accompany her to St. Cloud, where she has since remained. The Duke of Hamilton was in his 53d year."

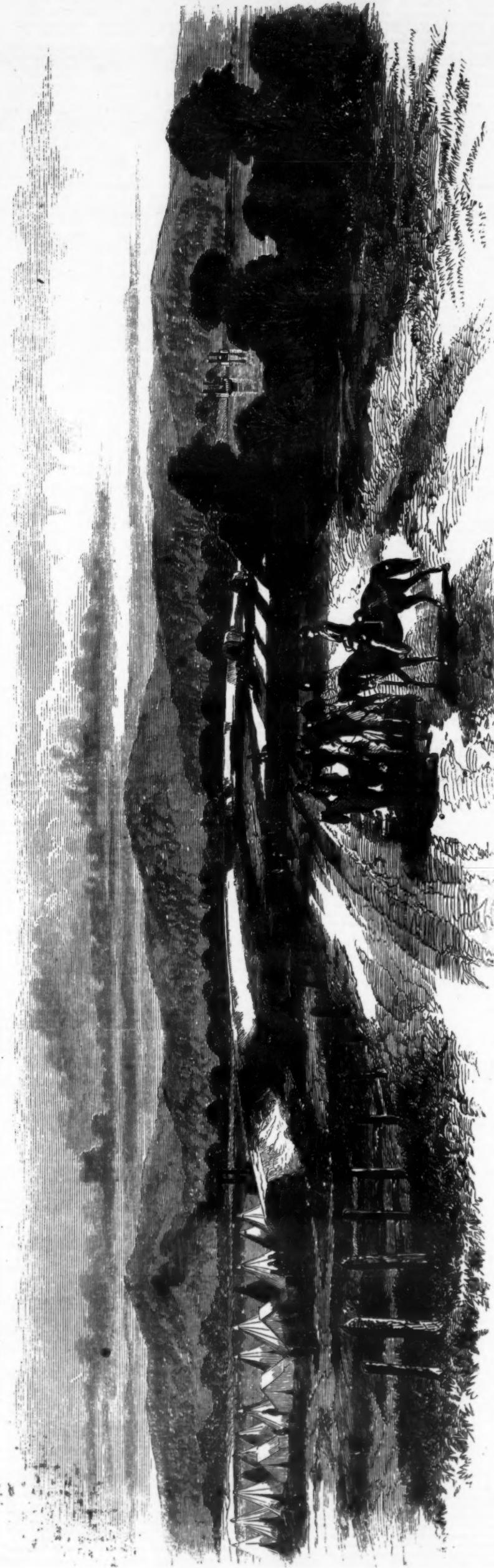
Behrends, the great Danzig house, has failed for a large amount. Cause, advances to Polish houses.

**Art, Science and Literature.**—The Paris correspondent of the *London Morning Post* has found, on inspection, that most of the novels in the library of Mr. Merridew, the English bookseller at Boulogne, have been re-edited by fair readers. Marginal notes abound from Sir Walter Scott's serious romances down to the "Woman in White" of our own day. "Vanity Fair" has been elaborately corrected by female critics. Wherever the author has made any reflections on "lovely women," a fair hand has written: "No, Mr. Thackeray, you are wrong; you do not know the female heart;" or, "A good man could not have written this."

A Parisian author having dramatized Miss Braddon's novel, "Lady Audley's Secret," wrote to that lady to obtain some particulars of her life. Miss Braddon, in a modest letter, thereupon enumerated the title of her works, remarking that she thus gave her history. Those works are the following, stated in the order of their composition: "The Leaves of Arcadia," a comedy, acted at the Strand Theatre, London, in 1860; a volume of Poems, published in 1861; then, in succession, "The Trail of the serpent," "Lady Lisle," "The Captain of the Vulture," "Ralph the Ballif," "Lady Audley's Secret" and "Aurora Floyd."



WAR ON THE MISSISSIPPI—VIEW OF SNYDER'S BLUFF FROM THE YAZOO RIVER, SHOWING THE DEFENCES THROWN UP BY GEN. GRANT.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, FRED. B. SCHELL.



WAR ON THE MISSISSIPPI—VIEW OF FORTIFICATIONS AT SNYDER'S BLUFF LOOKING TOWARDS THE YAZOO.—FROM A SKETCH BY FRED. B. SCHELL.



**THE FESTIVAL OF ST. AGNES;**  
At Rome, in her Church, without the  
Walls, Jan. 21, 1860.

BY REV. N. L. FROTHINGHAM, D. D.

"O virgo felix, O nova gloria,  
Celestis arcis nobilis incola."  
—Inscription over the Tribune.

Oh, quaintest and most ancient fane,  
Whose simple beauty rears  
The memory of a pure life slain,  
Through thrice five hundred years.

I journey down the stairs' long line,  
Beneath the hollow ground,  
To what I deemed a dusky shrine  
Of holy Agnes bound.

But the half-buried church is bright  
With many a candle's ray;  
And windows high pour on the sight  
The purer blaze of day.

Nothing is dark or saddening there,  
Nothing is worn or old;  
Lo! colors rich and marbles rare,  
And virgin white and gold.

No faded frescoes stain the wall,  
No blackened paintings grim;  
All cheers us like a festival  
And warms us like a hymn.

The sculptured Maid within her arm  
Her typic lamb caressed;  
While sweetest music joined a charm  
That heightened all the rest.

And see, two lambs to the altar brought!  
Not for a victim's fate,  
But to express a gentle thought,  
And to consecrate.

Thus yearly keeps this ancient fane,  
With garlands, lights and song,  
The memory of one pure life slain,  
So tenderly and long.

And thus, without the Roman wall,  
To all the world it saith:  
Behold what shining honors fall  
Round Innocence and Faith.

**PRIZE STORY**  
No. 26.

**THE GLOVED LADY.**

By L. Devereux Umsted.

IN looking over an old desk the other day, I came across a relic of the past that awakened most varying emotions. It was a slip of folded paper, containing a curl of raven hair; underneath the place where it rested was written a single word, "Josephine," and a date of twenty years ago.

My first impulse was to cast it from me, with horror, as if the spell that once lurked in the forest of dusky ringlets, of which this was one, still had power to twine around me and clasp me in its thrall. Then with an altered mind I took it in my hand and looked at it long and earnestly, until all the strange history with which it was connected had risen up before me vividly as if it had occurred but yesterday.

I was surprised to find how the old wound had healed over, leaving a scar, it is true, but still with very little sensibility, and I at length resolved to write out the most prominent events in this most strange episode of my life; it can do no harm now to make the following facts public, and it may amuse an idle hour of the writer's, and perhaps serve as a warning to some of my readers to avoid the temptations that led me so far astray.

Let me then set myself to the task seriously, and endeavor to acquit myself of it, without partiality to myself and as far as possible without unkindness to others.

PART I.

I WAS only twenty-one, yet I had graduated with some honors at Yale College, and was now at home for a long vacation before going to New York, to pursue my legal studies. Like the Bible hero of old, I was "the only son of my mother, and she was a widow," the sweetest woman on earth, as I thought then and have thought ever since.

We lived in the pleasant village of Fairbank, which as every one knows is near the large town of Brompton, in one of our glorious New England States. And I might as well state at once two facts which have much to do with the following history. We were very wealthy. I had inherited a handsome fortune from my father—and my mother was besides very handsomely provided for. My position and means gave me a certain idea of my own capabilities. I fancied myself quite a man of the world, possessed of considerable penetration and aplomb. We shall see how grievously I was mistaken.

One day I drove over to Brompton, to meet some friends who had expected to arrive in the express train. Reaching the depot I found myself a little early, and giving the reins to the servant and lighting my cigar, I began slowly promenading up and down a platform, generally used only for the arrival of freight cars and in the rear of the passenger rooms. It was quite deserted, and I had taken one or two turns in my circumscribed walk and was rapidly falling into a brown study, when on turning for the third time I perceived that I had a fellow-promenader. A lady was advancing towards me down the dingy walk.

At first glance my attention was riveted, for she was extraordinarily beautiful. She was a tall woman, dressed in the inevitable gray of travellers, but the material struck me as being unusually soft and fine, and it was made in such a manner as to display to great advantage the round outlines of an almost faultless figure. She wore a simple straw hat, the only ornament visible in front being a crimson rose that gleamed in the curls of her raven hair; the rest of the trimmings were concealed by the lace veil she had thrown back, as if she challenged the admiration that could not fail to be awarded to that oval face, with the rich blood glowing under the smooth skin, the full ripe lips and the splendor of those glorious black eyes. They were fixed upon me with a steady, unchanging lustre, as she advanced at a slow and majestic pace, and I think in that instant I began to feel the influence of that spell which was afterwards so strong. It was as if one of the enchantresses of olden time, with the fabled power of look which they possessed, had stepped down from the fairy realm on to that dusky platform, arrayed for the occasion in the prosaic garb of the nineteenth century, but with the fame of witchcraft as great as of yore.

As I have said we were approaching each other when I first saw her, and she never once took her eyes from my face while I made a rapid survey of her person; finally, just as we met, looking up from the tiny foot that was the last beauty to attract my earnest glance, and for an instant gazing into the wonderful depths of those flashing orbs that seemed fairly to scintillate with their own radiance.

"What a splendid woman!"

Such was my mental exclamation as she swept by me. I hurried on my walk and turned as soon as I could, so as to face her again; thus once, twice, passing up and down the platform, each time watching more eagerly the beautiful face and meeting the unabashed gaze of those daring eyes. Then the whistle sounded, the lady suddenly disappeared, and I went off to meet my friends.

This may seem a trifling incident, but it made a deep impression upon me. That handsome face had fascinated me strangely, and I found it flitting in my dreams and mingling in all my reveries. My desire to see her again became so strong at last, that I had half a mind to advertise for her in the papers as the only possible way of finding a clue to her.

About a week after this I was again driving into Brompton, this time alone in a light wagon. It was a lovely autumn morning, the trees were all flushed with yellow and crimson, the sunshines glowed in its scarlet leaves, and on all hung a veil of mist like the soft lace that shields the gold and

rubies of a queen's casket. I had been driving my little ponies at a pretty brisk pace since leaving home, and as I came to the entrance of the avenue of trees that leads into Brompton I permitted them to drop into a slow trot. Sitting thus idly I had leisure to look about me. The sunlight, sifting through the scattered amber leaves of the tall elms that bordered the way, fell on the figure of a lady who was walking beneath them. She was very handsomely dressed, and wore on her head a broad-brimmed black hat. At the sound of my approach she turned a little and looked towards me. But from the first glimpse that I caught of her I knew who it was—it needed not that I should see the beautiful face and the light of the shining eyes; there was something in the very outlines of her form that I recognized at once as that which had impressed itself so indelibly upon me. I abruptly stopped my horses in the eagerness with which I leaned forward to see her. Still I had nearly passed her when she started a little and exclaimed:

"Excuse me, sir, but one of your horse's traces is loose."

The remark was prosaic but it by no means broke the spell, for the voice in which it was uttered was rich, the manner dignified.

"You are very kind," I said, checking the ponies and springing out beside her. "I am exceedingly obliged to you. You have, perhaps, saved me a serious accident," I added, as I proceeded to fasten up the strap.

"You are quite welcome, I assure you," she said, the white teeth gleaming through her parted lips in a pleasant smile.

With a half bow she was turning away, when I became suddenly resolved not to part from her without knowing more of her, and with a reckless disregard of all formalities, I said, detaining her with a gesture.

"I hope you won't think me very impudent if I ask to whom I owe this courtesy?"

She betrayed no surprise at the certainly unusual expression, indeed it struck me that she almost seemed to respect it.

"My name is Josephine Logan."

"Are you living in Brompton?"

"I have been staying here, but I leave tomorrow."

So after all I had gained very little. She was going away, and at this thought, struck with my own huge audacity, I burst out,

"I know not how to apologise for my rudeness. I can only urge the impression your beauty has made!"—Here, overcome at the awkwardness of my compliment, I paused, blushing violently. The lady looked amused, but said, goodnaturedly,

"Oh, don't disturb yourself, I have no objection to satisfying a reasonable curiosity."

I knew that it was due to her to tell her who I was, but my singular mode of proceeding had by this time involved me in a new dilemma. I found I had no cards with me, so could only blurt out—

"My name is Richard Huntingdon; I live in Fairbank. Now what can I do to stone for my impudence? Will you let me drive you into Brompton, if you are going there?"

"No, thank you," replied the lady, still laughing. "Don't trouble yourself, Mr. Huntingdon. Good-morning."

She walked off, and I jumped into the carriage and drove away, never remembering till I was out of sight that I had been so stupid as not to ask her where she lived. Then I was fool enough to drive back to see if I could find her again, but she was gone, and I had gained nothing but her name.

This second interview deepened greatly the impression of the first. There was an easy self-possession in the manner of my new acquaintance very unusual in any person I had ever seen, certainly in any one but a woman of the world. She was evidently older than I, though perhaps not more than one or two years, but despite this and the shortness of our meetings my head ran upon



*The Souvenir of Twenty Years ago.*

Josephine Logan, as it had never run upon any fair young girl in my life.

Two weeks later I had gone to New York; my mother wished me to wish me study law, and very wisely thought I should go through the same course as if I had my own way to make in the world. She obtained for me rooms in a first-class boarding-house, where I was to have "all the comforts of a home," and with many parting injunctions left me, not without regret certainly, but with very little anxiety, for my course at college had been so steady as to induce her to hope I would successfully resist all city temptations.

My routine of life was at first very monotonous. Every morning I went down to the office of the Hon. Abel Peters, the gentleman who was to initiate me into the mysteries of law, and after eight hours of what seemed hopeless drudging, strolled up Broadway to my handsome rooms. It was not long, however, before I found some compensation in an evening of excitement for a day of toil; I was soon admitted to a fashionable club of gay young men of my own age, and with these companions found ample amusement, at first in a very innocent way. For some time I formed no acquaintance at the boarding-house beyond the worthy Misses Simpson, who kept that aristocratic abode.

One dull November evening I sat in my place at table, looking, in a listless way, down the long, dark dining-room. It had been a miserable, gloomy day, not exactly raining, but a dull, hopeless mist made everything damp and disagreeable outside. These melancholy external influences had penetrated even within doors. Our dinner hour was five o'clock, but as yet the Misses Simpson did not consider it sufficiently dark to light the gas, and, consequently the room was in a sort of pale gray shadow, and the more distant corners were quite dark. A sort of dullness seemed to have settled on the company too. I fancied the women had on their shabby dresses and the men their old coats. There was very little talking and no laughing, and I was becoming utterly dismal, when I was roused by the opening of the door of entrance. Now it was late, all the steady boarders were in their places, and every one looked round in surprise. Just at this moment, too, the waiters, who were at last beginning to light the gas, bustled about to make room, so that there was a sort of avenue of eager faces and inquisitive eyes, through which the stranger, illuminated by the sudden glow of light, had to advance. She came up the room slowly, with graceful dignity, and an indifference to the many starers that was absolutely astonishing. Not the slightest change of color betrayed her knowledge of the glances which rapidly changed from curiosity to admiration.

Evidently no one among the guests, besides myself, knew her to be Josephine Logan.

I remember distinctly how she looked as she passed me. She was dressed in a very heavy black silk, with ruffles of soft lace around her throat and wrists. I saw her now for the first time without her hat, and admired her even more than before; there was something so regally beautiful in the contour of her head and the wreath of dusky ringlets that clustered around it. The only ornaments were a pair of ruby earrings and a brooch of the same glowing stones. The elegance of her whole costume was finished by the fact that she wore gloves. I recollect that even in that passing look I noted as an unusual luxury that she should have on a pair of delicate cream-colored gloves to come to an ordinary dinner-table. On the whole, her appearance was so radiant that, coming in as she did, just at the moment when the room was lighted, it seemed as if it were her presence that illuminated it with warmth and beauty.

My heart beat as she passed, and I glanced around, hoping she might be seated near me; but no, the head waiter marshalled her the whole length of the room to the seat of honor, at Miss Simpson's right hand. As she disappeared from view I noticed that the young man who sat next me, a stranger who had appeared that day for the first time, was looking after her as earnestly as I had done. This led me to observe him narrowly. He was a fine-looking fellow, several years my senior, with curling chestnut hair, and fine blue eyes, altogether, as I felt, with a little envy, a remarkably handsome person. As he withdrew his gaze from the object of our mutual admiration his eyes met mine, and he exclaimed:

"By Jove! what a splendid woman!"

Although they were almost the very words in which I had first expressed my own feelings, I felt half vexed, and asked, shortly:

"Do you know the lady?"

"No; but I suppose it is the new boarder, about whom they made such a mighty fuss."



*In the Toils of the Byron.*

"How so?"

"Why, this morning, when I applied for rooms, the servant, by mistake, showed me into a parlor and bedroom on the second floor that I thought would suit me admirably. I was just congratulating myself on my good fortune, when Miss Simpson herself bustled in, and scolding the servant for her stupidity, informed me that 'these apartments were reserved for a lady.' I was bestow'd in a very inferior place, and consoled with a vague promise of removal."

This answer was given with a pleasant air of frankness, and something in the accent of the speaker convinced me he was a Southerner. Gratified by finding he had no acquaintance with the lady, I volunteered this information:

"I think her name is Logan."

"Logan!" repeated the stranger; "then you know her?"

"Slightly," said I, feeling the color rise in my face. I don't know whether he noticed it, but his next question was:

"Is she married?"

"Married!" I exclaimed, startled by his suggestion, which had never before occurred to me. "No—that is—why do you ask?"

"Only because I thought she must be, from her being alone, and having taken rooms in this way by herself."

The idea was disagreeable, though I scarcely knew why, yet it was very natural, and clung to me persistently. I remembered that each time I had seen her she had been alone. I recalled the peculiar self-possession and dignity of her manner, and resolved to lose no time in relieving my curiosity on this point, which, although it was no business of mine, yet interested me strangely. I think my abstraction escaped the notice of my neighbor, for he at that moment appeared absorbed in an apple-peel, and when next he turned to me it was with some question about the city. This led to a conversation, from which I learned that he was from North Carolina, the son of a planter, and was now in New York on business; and he also told me that his name was Graham, and that he was an old graduate of Yale. On the whole, we were so mutually pleased with each other that we laid there the foundation of a friendship that has lasted, with some slight interruptions, ever since.

Our chat was such a long one that we were among the last to leave the table; but all this time, although we neither of us alluded again to the handsome stranger, this by no means indicated that we had forgotten her. My own glances were turned often in her direction; and Graham, although in speaking to me his back was turned towards her, yet managed, several times I noticed, to steal a look. I could not succeed in catching her eye until she rose to go, then, as she came down the room, Graham and I both ceased speaking and turned to watch her. She advanced, followed by Miss Simpson, and a greater contrast could hardly be imagined than that between the pinched old maid and the luxuriant young beauty. Arrived opposite us, she turned slightly, and our eyes met; I ventured on a respectful bow, it was returned by a bright smile of recognition. I fancy there was not a happier man in the city than I was at that moment.

"You're a lucky fellow," exclaimed Graham; "she is gloriously handsome."

So I left the table supremely delighted, and half an hour later sent my card to Miss Logan, and was requested to "walk up" by the solemn waiter.

Following him he led the way to the front of the house on the second story. I reached the door quite breathless, with my heart beating as only the heart of a very young man can beat when about to enter the presence of a beautiful woman.

I was shown into a small but very handsomely furnished parlor; there were rich curtains shading the windows, fine mirrors on the wall, and a cheerful fire burned in the grate. The soft light falling through globes of ground glass was mild and pleasant; on the whole it was a charming apartment.

Josephine Logan was alone, seated in a low chair beside a table covered with books and *bijouterie*; at my entrance she rose cordially.

"How do you do, Mr. Huntingdon? I assure you I am delighted to find an acquaintance among so many strangers."

"You are very kind," I replied, bowing low; "I assure you I feel honored by your remembrance."

I seated myself near her, noticing with a little surprise that she was still gloved.

"You were going out?" I said hastily, supposing she might be prepared for some evening engagement and I was detaining her.

"Oh, no, not at all; I have but just arrived, and am somewhat tired with the exertion I have already made."

"You have not been travelling to-day?"

No, I only moved from the Stanley; I engaged these rooms a week ago, but the furniture required some additions and they have not been ready until to-day."

"Then you will remain some time, I hope."

"Probably all winter."

"I am delighted!" I exclaimed; "oh, Miss Logan, you cannot tell how often I have wished to meet you again!"

She smiled.

"Mrs. Logan, if you please."

"Then you are married!" I said, disappointedly.

"No, I have been a widow some time," she said, with a slight falter in her tones.

I apologised for my awkward remark, and then we went on to speak of our two first meetings. She allowed me to pour out all my admiration, and even responded so flatteringly that I was fool enough to fancy I too had made some impression upon her; as if such a boy as I could have awakened any emotion in so hard a heart!

She was a very extraordinary woman; her conversation, brilliant and entertaining, sparkled with a thousand little charms impossible to convey in

words, and she understood the art of subtle compliment better than any person I ever met. I endeavored to study her closely, yet I found that a difficult matter; her face, although so beautiful, was a very inscrutable one; there was plenty of intellect in the broad forehead, but the mouth was not a frank one; the luscious lips closed with a shade of sternness. However, all my speculations were driven to flight by her magnificent eyes; he had a wonderful steadiness of look under which my own sometimes fell, and when it was fixed upon me, with the flashes of light fairly burning from those twin stars, I was as completely fascinated as is the poor little bird by the glittering eyes of the cruel snake that lures him to destruction. I make this comparison knowingly now: at the time I never thought of it or anything but undisguised admiration.

So the hours slipped away till it was growing late. When I rose to go, Mrs. Logan graciously expressed the hope that I would come to see her often. No danger but that I would gladly do so; I was already completely under the spell that was well nigh fatal.

For the next two days I saw Mrs. Logan only at dinner; fearful of being obtrusive, I did not venture to call again. In that time my intimacy with Graham increased; I introduced him at the club, and contrived to pass my evenings as usual in scenes of gaiety. The third morning happened an event I cannot even here recall without a blush.

My preceptor, Judge Peters, gave me a note which I was to take up Broadway to a certain office, and then carry the reply to our bank. It was a pleasant day, and glad to be released from the office, I started in high spirits. I had acquitted myself so far of the commission as to take the message and receive the reply, and had started on my way back to the office, when I suddenly found myself entangled in one of those street crowds that gather so rapidly in large cities. There was a great swaying mass of people before me, growing denser every moment, for in this case there was a cause more than usually attractive to the idlers of the street. A man had fallen down in a fit, and above the roar of the passing vehicles we could occasionally hear his sharp cries. I had just turned off after a vain attempt to penetrate the throng, when I was arrested by hearing my name called. Looking back, I saw Mrs. Logan involved in the thickest of the pressure, looking excessively pale and frightened. Forgetful of all else, I flew to her rescue. A few moments of vigorous shouldering brought me to her side; she seemed almost fainting with terror, and as I flung my arm around her she clung to me convulsively, gasping:

"Oh, take me away! take me away!"

"Yes, Josephine, dear Josephine," I whispered; "you are safe with me," and pushing on, I drew her away into the security of a shop door. "Now you can breathe freer."

She made no reply but a half inarticulate moan, still pressing close to me and trembling violently. This was very pleasant; except for my anxiety on her account I should have been wholly delighted; as it was I soothed and consoled my beautiful companion as well as I could until the poor unfortunate was carried away by some policemen, and the crowd gradually dispersed. Then Mrs. Logan began slowly to recover, but she was still so feeble that common humanity seemed to demand that I should offer her my arm and help her home.

"You will think me very foolish, I fear," she said, as we turned away.

"Not at all; it was very shocking."

"Yes," with a shudder; "I cannot bear such things; they unnerve me terribly." After a pause she added: "How horrible those cries are, and they awakened such dreadful recollections."

"Do not dwell upon it," I urged.

"I will not," she answered, "except to apologize once more for my weakness; but from my childhood I have had the most intense horror of physical suffering."

"That shows your kindness of heart," I suggested, gallantly.

"No, I fear not; it is mere selfishness; I shrink even from a precipice, and can remember distinctly the anguish of having my ears pierced when a child. If it were not for this cowardice," she went on almost as if speaking to herself, "I should be a happier woman this day than I can ever hope to be again! But I cannot, I cannot do it!"

How well I remembered those singular words when their hidden meaning afterwards appeared!

"I hope you will never have to do anything you do not like," I said; "if it depended on me you should never have a shade on your life."

"Thank you," she replied, returning to her old manner; "how kind you are! Perhaps some day I can reward you for this."

We were just at the house, and I could only add, "I will remember that as a promise," before the door was opened.

In the hall we met Graham, who looked very much surprised, and as we passed I gave him a cheerful and somewhat triumphant smile. I followed her upstairs not without a momentary remembrance of Judge Peters's message, but resolving to leave her the instant she was comfortably arranged, and quite deceived in the passage of time, I went on. Once in the parlor Mrs. Logan threw herself on the sofa with a long sigh. She untied the strings of her hat, and permitted me to remove the dainty covering of feathers and lace; then looking up with languid eyes, she said:

"Please take out this ugly pin."

The pin was a large gold-headed one that fastened the elegant camel's hair shawl she wore on the shoulder. Her hair, partly deranged by the removal of her hat, fell on her shoulders, so that one long ringlet touched my trembling fingers; she looked so pale and lovely, and as I bent over her I was so agitated that my fingers were very clumsy and it was some time before the pin was removed. As I

laid the elegant garment away on a chair, I seated myself beside her and held out my hand.

"Now for the gloves."

She gave me her right hand, and finger by finger I drew off the dainty covering until I held the plump white morsel in my own.

"Now the other."

"No, one is enough."

"Then I shall hold this as prisoner."

Her only answer was a faint sigh. I clasped the little fingers tight and there was a moment's silence. Just then the clock on the mantel struck one, two, three.

That roused me, and I sprang up. "Great heavens!" I cried, "after bank hours!"

And with hardly a word of explanation I rushed away as fast as a stout pair of legs could carry me, hurried to the office and entered, flushed and breathless, the presence of Judge Peters. He was alone, writing, but at my entrance looked up sternly.

"Well, sir!"

All my airy visions vanished, I began to stammer out an apology—

"Indeed sir, I am very sorry."

"Very sorry, sir, very sorry! What do you mean by offering such a wretched apology for such unpardonable carelessness. You have not been to the bank at all."

"No, sir."

"I heard of that ten minutes ago, and do you know what has been the consequence of your disgraceful negligence? I have had a note protested, sir, do you know what that means—protested? I have been a business man for thirty years and such a thing never happened to me before."

"Judge Peters," I tried to say when he paused a moment for breath, "I am overwhelmed—"

"That will do, sir, that will do; no more words," he said angrily. "You may go now and I will dispense with your attendance here in future."

I do not wonder he was indignant. My conduct had been utterly inexcusable. Feeling this I made no further attempts at exculpation, but went out ashamed and dejected. In the outer office I met Walters, the head man. He was a very pleasant good-natured fellow, and coming up to me ventured some words of consolation.

"The judge was awfully vexed," he said, "and I don't wonder; but I dare say it will all blow over. His wrath does not last, and I shouldn't wonder, if you keep out of the way for a week or two and say nothing about it, if he took you back."

There was some comfort in this view, it seemed sensible, and I went off very much chagrined, but resolving at least not to let the truth appear. Unhappy as I was, I did not return to the boarding-house, but went to dine at the club, and after that, for the first time in my life, joined some of my wild companions in what they called "making a night of it." So I began my downward career, and all from the influence of Josephine Logan.

The next day at dinner Graham asked me to introduce him to Mrs. Logan. I was a little put out, for I had intended to pass the evening with her myself, but having no good excuse to offer I was obliged to consent. Going upstairs I contrived a few moments alone with her in order to ask her permission to the presentation. She received me very cordially. I apologised to her for my abrupt departure the previous day, and to her alone confided what had happened. She was very sympathetic, letting me hold the one ungloved hand in mine again, and appearing so delightfully kind that I would have stayed all the evening if I had not made the engagement with Graham. When I proposed to introduce him she seemed very much pleased, and half vexed that she had not declined, I went down to bring him up.

I never saw Graham look handsomer than he did that evening; he was such a fine specimen of the fully developed man, that I felt a mere boy beside him.

"May I hope," said Graham, "as he seated himself, that you are a fellow Southerner, Mrs. Logan? I trust for the honor of my native land it is so."

"I have been at the South," replied Mrs. Logan, evasively. "Pray, what State are you from?"

"North Carolina."

"Indeed!"

The lady fairly started as she spoke, and grew suddenly pale. Rallying in a moment, she said:

"I once suffered a severe affliction there," and then, after a short pause, turned the conversation to other subjects. However, she was not like herself all the evening, but seemed unusually nervous, for just before we left the talk shifted by some accident to capital punishment, and Graham said:

"Hanging, I suppose, is necessary under some circumstances where an undoubted wilful murder has been committed, but there are some relics of barbarism still lingering in our criminal code far worse than that. For instance, to the disgrace of the Old North State be it said, branding is still one of the punishments for crime."

"Branding!" I exclaimed, in horror; "is it really in use now?"

"Certainly, even women do not escape a brand with the initial of their crime; but Mrs. Logan looks distressed," he added, as we both noted that she had again grown very pale, "the theme is an ugly one, let us change it."

We turned the talk to other subjects, but somehow the conversation flagged, and in a few minutes we rose to go. Mrs. Logan seemed to have recovered; she was very polite to Graham, urging him to come again, and I felt a little pang of jealousy, till she turned to me and said, with her brilliant smile:

"You, of course, Mr. Huntingdon; you are an old friend."

As we went downstairs, Graham said, "A very handsome woman, but I wonder why she always wears gloves."

"An elegant caprice," I suggested.

"Perhaps so, but I don't like it. Come, shall we go to the club?"

I assented going off with him, but leaving him soon after we reached the club-house to join my fast friends, and that night was spent very much as the one before had been.

(To be concluded in our next.)

### THE GIFT OF FLOWERS.

OH, LAY not idly by  
The flowers I gathered for thee, wet with  
dew;

They speak of night's cool sky,  
Of crimson morn and noon-tide's heavenly  
blue.

With this bright blushing rose,  
These fragrant violets, lilles, drooping bells,  
With all that gaily grows  
Beneath my lattice, love its yearning tells.

Oh, could I send with these  
The faint sweet music of the wandering wind,  
The humming of the bees,  
The bird's exultant song with all entwined.

The welcome showers that fall,  
Searching the flower-cells, nestling in the  
grass,  
Shadows that sweep o'er all,  
Touching so lightly as they onward pass—

All these, beloved, all these,  
I fain about my flower-gift would entwine!

Take there the song, the breeze,  
The bloom, the fragrance of a heart all thine.

### Marrying for Money.

THE brilliant gaslights glittered gaily among the white and gold decorations of the elegant "gentlemen's restaurant," the marble floor echoed to scores of lounging feet, and the small pearl clock, surmounted by a gilded figure of Bacchus, pointed to the hour of eleven, that bleak December night. And still the careless habitués of the place lounged in and out, as if they were accustomed to the habit of turning day into night!

"One more glass, Thorpe before you go—let us drink success to your married life in the brightest champagne that ever melted into golden foam!" exclaimed a handsome, dashing young man, whose laugh had been gayest all the evening.

But Cyril Thorpe shook his head, smiling, and buttoned his coat closer.

"No—the sooner I contract habits of graceful abstinence the better—I must learn to wear the matrimonial yoke, you know, Maylie! Come, suppose you walk with me to my hotel; it's just the right distance for a cigar."

"Well, if you must go, I'm with you!" said Maylie, lightly, setting down the empty wineglass. "And en route you can tell me about Mrs. Thorpe that is to be. I'm quite curious to learn the charm which has captivated a gay Lothario like yourself."

"My dear Maylie," said Cyril, with a slight sneer, as they emerged arm in arm into the mist and darkness, "have you lived twenty-six years in the world not to be aware that there is but one charm worth mentioning?"

"And that—"

"Is good red gold, my unsophisticated friend."

"I confess, though," said Maylie, somewhat puzzled, "I do not see how this explains Lilian Drake's conquest over you, Thorpe. She's a pretty little girl, with curls just like coiled sunshine, and round, cheery cheeks, but I never heard that she was rich."

"Neither is she—but it is in the future that her prospects lie. Did you never hear of Grant Colvin, the pursy old banker of C——? and did you never know that Lily Drake was his niece and heiress-apparent?"

"No," said Maylie, with wide open eyes.

"No! well, we who pride ourselves on the cunning of the serpent, if not the harmlessness of the dove, find

"Just that, mon ami! Come, here we are; won't you come up to my room and smoke another cigar?"

But Maylie declined rather abruptly. Gay young man though he was, something in his honest heart rebelled against the cold selfishness of Thorpe's philosophy, and he felt rather relieved when two or three squares interposed their barriers of brick and mortar between him and his old college-mate!

Meanwhile Thorpe entered his room, and throwing himself carelessly upon a sofa in front of the glowing soft coal fire, took up a handful of letters which had arrived during his absence.

"Hum—ha—bootmaker—cards to Mrs. Leigh's—letter from my sister—hallo—what's this? The little governess, as I live!"

The other correspondence fell unheeded upon the floor, while Thorpe eagerly broke the seal of the small envelope which had so instantly attracted his attention.

"Oh, bless the little black-eyed fury!" commented he with a sort of lazy enjoyment of the angry phrases over which his eye roved, "she'll be revenged, will she? She has heard that I'm about to marry for money—she will make me feel her resentment, although she has long ceased to love me! What does the dear little firebrand mean? Can it be that she intends to write an account of my manifold flirtations to Lily? Well, she may do so—but I shall take particular pains that no such edifying epistle reaches my fair bride-elect. No, Mademoiselle Sara, I may safely defy your wrath!"

And he tossed the note carelessly upon the fire, watching it shrink into a blaze with half open, lustrous eyes, like those of a serpent!

Cyril Thorpe had laid his plans skilfully, and of that fact he was fully aware!

If our readers could but have had a peep into Lily Drake's boudoir on the wedding-morning, just six weeks after that stormy December night. One door opened into an elegant morning room, all decorated with white flowers, where, upon a long table, draped with white satin, blazed a gorgeous array of wedding presents, in pearl and gold, and rare, costly laces—another gave a half peep of the fluttering crowd of blooming bridesmaids, eagerly waiting for the last ornaments to be clasped round Lily's fair throat and arms. And Mrs. Drake, mother-like, was crying and smiling in the same breath, while Colonel Drake, a fat, portly individual, whose white gloves were too tight by several sizes, kept shouting out intimations that the carriages were waiting, and that he could not see the use of such delays!

"This way, love, through the room where the bridal gifts are," said Mrs. Drake, when at length all was in readiness. "By the way, how very strange that your uncle Colvin's present has not arrived. I shouldn't wonder if he means to be here himself, and was delayed. Miss Rachel Wharton says she wouldn't be a bit surprised if he sent a deed, settling the whole of the property on you, Lily—she's heard of such things before now!"

And Cyril Thorpe, as he stepped forward, handsomer and more graceful than ever, to offer his arm to his bride, caught the last sentence. It gave his worldly heart a joyous throb, for money was Cyril Thorpe's idol!

The wedding, with all its paraphernalia of orange blossoms, floating ribbons, and misty clouds of white tulle, was over, and the reception followed. The spacious rooms were fairly overflowed with the tide of fashion, sparkling in jewels and rustling in moiré antique and velvets, and the whispered comments everywhere had but one burden—Mr. Thorpe's elegance of manner, and his young wife's girlish grace!

Suddenly there was a stir and bustle throughout the apartments, following close on a vehement ring at the door bell—a clear merry voice reverberated above all softer accents, and Mrs. Thorpe sprang forward, exclaiming:

"My uncle Colvin!"

"No one else, my dear," ejaculated a stout little man, with cheeks like winter roses, although his hair was sprinkled with gray, who came forward with a young lady in a brown travelling dress hanging on his arm. "Was afraid I should be too late to wish you joy, Lily! Mr. Thorpe, let me congratulate you, sir! I assure you no ordinary business should have detained me, but the fact is, I've been having a wedding of my own, this morning! Let me introduce my wife, Mrs. Grant Colvin!"

Lily had grown very pale—she was not mercenary, but when one has been brought up from childhood in the expectation of wealth, it requires a considerable degree of philosophy to see it suddenly transferred into another channel! But her pallor was rosy bloom compared to the ashen hue on her bridegroom's cheek, as he recognised under the bridal flowers in Mrs. Colvin's bonnet the vincentine black eyes of the slighted "governess!"

As his cold hand touched hers, she said in a voice audible to him alone,

"I am revenged! did I not tell you it should be so?"

Sara Colvin had never looked lovelier than in that hour. She was satisfied—her hand had dashed the brimming cup away from her false lover's lips—to attain that end she was quite willing to be an old man's darling.

And Cyril Thorpe, like many another scheming villain, after having married for money, discovered that he had made an arch-mistake!

"MENS SANA IN CORPORE SANO."—Exactly! that is just what the soldier needs, and deserves above all other men; and upon reading the advertisement of J. W. Everett & Co., of the Metropolitan Purchasing Agency, in our columns, we discovered that the men I revere of our brave and disinterested soldiers who are now fighting the battles of freedom have not been overlooked. A sword made in a sound boy is only obtained by killing the monotony of camp life, and a harmless game of dominos will serve to amuse many an otherwise dull hour. We notice that the above house will purchase and forward anything else to the army, or the people, which interest or curiosity may demand.

## MY GHOSTS.

In the forest-depth or the busy street,  
Whenever, wherever I travel,  
Are the sounds and the patter of viewless  
feet,  
And the clasp of a hand that is warm and  
young,  
And the lisping joy of a guileless tongue,  
And the taste of a bygone glory;  
And a something my spirit would fain  
unravel  
Of a dim-remembered story.

A winding lane on a summer's day,  
And a landscape lit with blossoms,  
Two sparkling eyes, in their joy that say  
Far more than a faltering tongue can speak,  
A gentle sigh and a rose-flush'd cheek,  
A whispered word fond and tender,  
The dawn of a love in two youthful bosoms—  
A dawn, ay, in all its splendor.

A speechless grief and a parting kiss,  
A mound 'neath the quiet daisies,  
A vacant place and a form that I miss,  
A fair young face, that again and again  
Will rise in my bosom and flash on my brain,  
That lives in my joy and sorrow;  
That looks on me now as I pen its praises,  
And shall too, God willing, to-morrow.

These, all these—ay, and many more,  
Are the ghosts that will haunt me ever—  
Are the ghosts that come back from the  
silent shore  
Of the past; that will start and peer in my  
face,  
In the dreariest hour, in the sunniest place,  
With a strangeness beyond all telling:  
These are the ghosts that will leave me  
never  
This side of Death's narrow dwelling.

## An Odd Interview.

It was in the summer of 184—. I was stationed at Fort William, the most northern point of Lake Superior. There was little to do in that benighted region but hunt and fish, there being no Academy of Music, and certainly nothing in the concert line, save that style given by the animals inhabiting the wilderness about us.

It was customary to make up these hunting and fishing parties with as many white men as could be got, and the balance with Indians and half-breeds. We would then go out on a general wander, sometimes getting over twenty to thirty days before we would again seek the shelter of a roof.

It was upon one of these parties that I met with the adventure I am about to relate. Our party consisted of about sixty, and we had gone northward until we were about one hundred miles away from Fort William. Here, by some carelessness, I became separated from the party, and, in spite of every effort on my part, found it impossible to regain them. It was no very pleasant position to be in, that of a wanderer, a hundred miles away from all civilization, with nothing upon which to place his trust but a rifle and a limited stock of powder and ball. However, I had to make the best of it, and the best was to make my way to Fort William as speedily as possible. This I had been doing for the past twenty-four hours, and had lessened the distance by twenty-five miles.

It was on my second day of loneliness, and I was just preparing my last meal previous to another four mile tramp before I laid in for the night. My bird was toasting on a forked stick over my coals, and I was busily bent over it to see that it was done to a turn, when I was startled into life by a voice saying:

"Good-day!"

I was on my feet in an instant, and stammered out an answer to the greeting of a small, dark, old man, clad in a half-hunter, half-farmer garb, holding in his hands what I saw at a glance was a most excellent rifle. His next words were an abrupt questioning:

"Where did you come from?"

I answered, "From Fort William," and edged gradually away, forgetting my broiling bird, until I had my rifle in my hand, which I had placed against a tree, about six yards distant, when I began my culinary occupations. I thought the man looked at me curiously as I went through this operation, but he said nothing, only leaning his own shooting-iron against a tree and sitting down. I was inclined to take this as a pledge of confidence, and returned it by placing my own in the same position, though still within reach. His next words made me feel that I had not better be too trusting. They were:

"Do you think if I were to go down to Fort William I could get a pair of boots?"

In an instant my eyes flew to his boots, and I saw that he was miserably provided, while I had a new pair, worth almost a king's ransom in that part of the country. Like a flash the thought flew across my mind that he might shoot me for the sole purpose of taking my boots. Notwithstanding the pang of this suspicion, I answered him calmly, and encouraged him in the belief that he could easily make the required addition to his wardrobe if he would go there. In fact, I think I would have assured him that boots grew upon every tree in that locality if by so doing I could have stopped him from coveting those I had upon my feet. The assurance on my part that he could obtain them, though I well knew there was not a pair to be had for love or money, settled the business, and my unwelcome visitor announced that he would bear me company as far as Fort William.

With some slight aid from my companion, the bird was eaten and washed down with a thimbleful of rye, and off we set upon our tramp. The first mile of our march was consumed by me answering the somewhat abrupt questions put by my companion, and debating in my own mind whether it would not be better to make a full halt, pull off my boots and present them to my fellow-traveller. I hardly think my style of conversation pleased him, for during some minutes we were both silent. At last he broke the stillness with:

"As we have to travel many miles together, it would be as well that we should know each other's names. Mine is Audubon."

If I had been suddenly dashed into an ice-bath over head and ears I could not have had a greater shock. The whole truth flashed upon me in an instant, and I cast one glance at the face before me, which I knew immediately from the portraits I had seen, and in the next moment I was shaking hands violently with the old gentleman, and laughing consummately over my own stupidity. Only two weeks before I had heard that the great ornithologist was somewhere up there with his party, following out his scientific pursuits, and had then expressed a great desire to see him.

Mr. Audubon, like myself, had become separated from his party, and had failed to join them, and was making his way to Fort William, where they were to rendezvous, according to previous agreement. I made a clean breast of it, and confessed, much to his amusement, the hypothesis I had formed about the boots. On the fifth day we reached Fort William, his own party having arrived before him, and mine within a few days after.

## THE IDLER ABOUT TOWN.

"Look out for the Ghost!" In these remarkable words we are admonished from every corner of the streets, from every blank wall and from every wooden fence. During the whole of last week "Look out for the Ghost!" met the eye at every turn, and the inquiry was on every lip, "What Ghost?" Could it be the 27th Street Ghost out on a tramp again? Every one had some sort of an opinion to advance as to what kind of a Ghost it was, and one incredulous individual suggested that it was possibly the Ghost of a chance that this war would be ended in eighteen months! As nobody laughed at this joke we doubt if it was ever repeated. A general feeling, however, prevailed that there was a "soul" somewhere: and not a few exclaimed, with finger to nose, "Barnum!" Time, however, proved that they were wrong that eminent man, who, for once in his life, was done out of a great sensation, and must own up to having been outgeneraled. But we do not despair of Barnum; it will not be long before he has a Ghost of his own, twice as large and infinitely more authentic. The honor of having secured the services of the infallible essence of a melodramatic Ghost is due to Mr. Theodore Moss, the present lessee of Wallack's Theatre. The negotiations were made through a trance medium; the contract was worded by the help of the spirit-rappers, signed with invisible ink, and witnessed by the editors of the *Spiritual Telegraph*. The consideration for the services to be rendered was a subject of much debate, but it was at last settled that it should be paid in the most intangible money in existence, and so Confederate money was decided upon.

When it was known that Wallack's Theatre was to be the scene of action for this spiritual visitor, it was assured that the people did "look out for the Ghost," and hastened to secure seats to witness its first ethereal bow to a New York audience. The drama, "True to the Last," was adapted to the exigencies of the case, and offered the Ghost ample opportunity for display. Of the merits of the piece itself we shall offer no opinion; but we freely acknowledge it to be intense, severely intense, and every way worthy to be let alone. It is that style of thing which endears itself to forgetfulness, courts Lethe, and ought to be gratified in its reasonable desire. But the Ghost itself is a great thing; it is the most perfect and startling illusion ever presented on the boards of a theatre. It appears in an instant and disappears as swiftly; it sits down, walks and talks; and the wretched individual to whom it appears walks through it, embraces it and finds it air; stabs it through and through, and finally fires a pistol within an inch of its head, only to find that the shadow has no life, even though it stands palpably before him.

Its effect on the audience is really extraordinary; it is a mixture of curiosity and awe, of incredulity and wonder, together with a little terror. Each appearance is followed by a prolonged burst of applause, and, absurd as it may seem, there was an evident desire to encore each of the Ghost's performances, in the expectation, perhaps, that it would come forward to the footlights, and bow its thanks for the compliment. We have no hesitation in pronouncing it a triumphant success; nor can we help acknowledging that in it we recognise an added power to dramatic effect, the importance of which can, as yet, hardly be realized. We are satisfied that its resources are not half developed, remarkable as they are, and we look forward to results of much greater magnitude within a very short space of time. As it is, every one should see this the only reasonable and probable Ghost that ever appeared either in public or private.

The actors did the best they could with their parts, Mrs. Watkins, Misses Shandon and W. R. Floyd being deserving of special mention. The theatre has been literally thronged since the production of the Ghost piece. We will suggest one thing for the consideration of the lessees of all our theatres during this intensely hot weather. The audience could very well dispense with two-thirds of the gaslight in the auditorium, now used in every establishment. This blaze of light in a crowded house, while the thermometer stands at 88 degrees, adds at least 20 degrees to the heat, and is really not necessary for practical purposes. In the fall and winter, when every lady comes in full dress, and wishes to criticize all her neighbors, it is well enough to illuminate to the full extent, but in this weather a subdued light not only conveys a sense of coolness, but in reality adds but little to the general temperature which prevails. This suggestion will be found worth adopting.

Mr. Wheatley is still running "The Duke's Motto" at Nibbs's Garden, with undiminished success. It crowds the house nightly, and delighted are the visitors that each one sends half a dozen friends to enjoy what he has enjoyed. And so the throng continues daily. As we have said so often before, it is the finest, most deeply interesting, as well as the best acted and the best produced romantic drama ever performed on the American stage.

It is reported that Mrs. John Wood cannot enter upon her leasehold of Laura Keene's Theatre before the first of October. Meanwhile new scenes are being painted, and dresses and properties made, to be ready for the grand opening on that date or there-

abouts. Mrs. Wood has been very fortunate in securing the services of Mr. Thomas Baker as musical director for her coming season.

There is an *on dit* that Laura Keene is building a theatre somewhere up-town, and that she will open it after her starring tour through the West.

Winter Garden will open next Monday, with Mrs. Bowers, who has just returned from a successful tour through England. Mr. Humphrey Bland is the lessee.

Barnum has commenced his summer dramatic season, under the direction of that popular actor, Mr. C. W. Clarke. The representation this week is that fine comedy, "Still Waters Run Deep." The other attractions of the Museum are manifold. For instance, there is Miss Lizzie Harris, the largest and fairest lady in the world, weighing 676 pounds and measuring four yards and six inches round the waist. As the advertisements say, she is a mountain of human flesh. Then there are the Lightning Calculator, the Automaton Writer, the living Ourang-Outang, two Living Boa Constrictors, the Aquarium and a domestic Cat nursing two Minks, besides thousands of other curiosities.

We regret to record the sudden death of Mr. Henry Vestval, the brother of Mlle. Felicita Vestval. He died from a stroke of apoplexy at the Bond Street House. He was a kind and courteous gentleman, and was respected and esteemed by all who knew him.

It was reported last week, that Madame Bertucca Maretzok, the wife of Max Maretzok, had died from sunstroke in the city. The mistake arose from finding in the unknown lady's pocket a handkerchief marked with Madame Maretzok's name. The unfortunate lady was the wife of Signor Sbriglia, the well-known tenor.

A writer from Paris says that they have at the Grand Opera a Russian danseuse who is ugliness incarnate, and yet such is her fire and talents that this unpardonable sin in a woman has been condoned, and she is all the rage now. She has really raised enthusiasm here. Judge what her talents must be, for you know how much stress we lay upon personal beauty and grace. The new danseuse, Mlle. Mouravieff, has not even grace to recommend her; she possesses no charms whatsoever. She is as emaciated as a victim of phthisis in its last stages; she is small and sickly; her eyes are anything but large; her cheekbones are prominent; in fine she has, as a woman, nothing to recommend her. When she made her first appearance in the green-room of the Grand Opera, to attend rehearsal, the waiters who had just seen "La Chatouette Volée" ("The Veiled Songstress") played across the street at the Opera Comique, insisted that a ballet, "La Danseuse Volée," should be composed expressly for her, that she might have some excuse for hiding her head during the whole course of the performance. The first evening she played she raised wonder, for her *points* are incredible, her *tempos* more rapid and expert than those of any danseuse seen here, and her own *pas* are extremely difficult, complicated and brilliant. But every one felt that charm and grace were wanting, yet everybody decided to see her again—and then again—and again, and at last she began to please (like one of those strange *lignères* which is repugnant at first, and yet so commands itself to the taste it is persevered in and becomes a favorite), and now she is the most popular danseuse we have seen this many a day. She does not speak a word of French, and is guarded by dragon-like care by two Italian duennas.

They have long theatrical seasons in London. Mr. Buckley has just closed the doors of the Haymarket Theatre upon a season of five years duration, almost every night of which has been a pecuniary success.

The son of the great Jullien, who taught us the grandeur of Beethoven, Mendelssohn and embroidered shirt bosoms, is following successfully in the steps of his father. He made a triumphant debut in London, and is now concertizing through the provinces.

Every one remembers the splendid horn players, Distin and his sons, who came here some fourteen years ago. The old man died in London last month at the age of sixty-nine.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Kean, having reaped all possible honors and wealth in England, have left for a tour through Australia.

The three hundredth birthday of Shakespeare is to be grandly celebrated in England. Among other memorial honors, a statue is to be erected.

Madame Lagrange, the most conscientious and admirable artist that ever visited America, is reaping extraordinary honors and realizing large pecuniary gains in Spain. She is said to be unchanged both in person and voice. She is a good and noble woman every way.

William Vincent Wallace is at present in Germany. His visit has a double purpose—to restore his health and to produce his opera of "Lurline" in Vienna. His host of friends in America will cordially wish him success in both pursuits.

Ullman is to take Ristori to South America, and afterwards to bring her to New York. She will be a trump card.

## A SLAVE.

We take the following from the Vicksburg correspondence of the *Missouri Democrat*:

I will relate an incident which occurred this morning at the expense of a gallant young soldier. He was prospecting around town, when his attention was attracted to a stable of very fine horses. While admiring their fine points, he was surprised by the appearance of a very fascinating young lady, as she emerged from another apartment of the horse-house, and bowed politely, and smiled kindly upon him. He stammered out something like an apology for his seeming intrusion, mixing up the words "proclamation" and "confiscation," etc., and ended by asking who was the owner of the place?

"Dr. Neely," replied the lady.

"And you—you are his wife?" said the soldier, doubtfully.

"No," said the lady.

"Then his daughter?"—this was said very smilingly.

"No."

"His niece, perhaps?"—endearingly.

"No; no relation, that I know of."

"Then a lady friend, on a visit?"—puzzlingly.

"No, not that, either."

"Well, then, may I be permitted to ask who you are?"

"Certainly," replied the lady, who had enjoyed the soldier's discomfiture with a piquant relish. "I am his slave!"

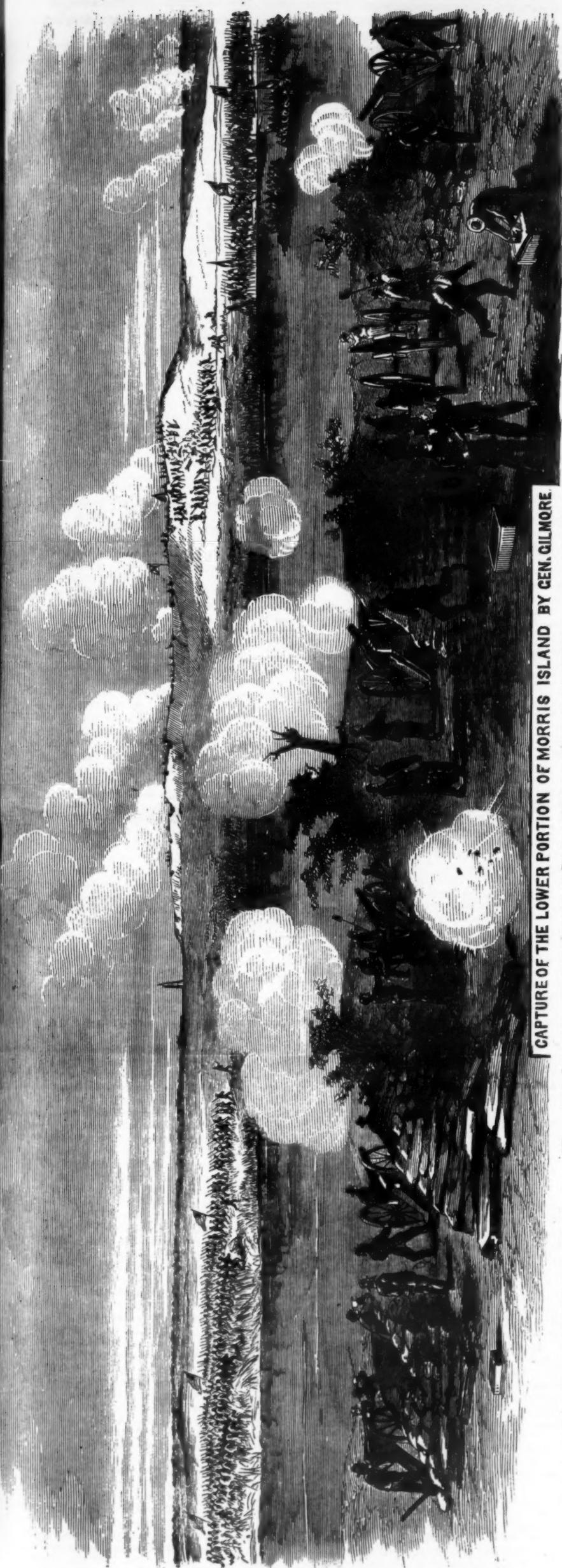
The soldier gave one long, last, lingering look, and with a low whistle departed.

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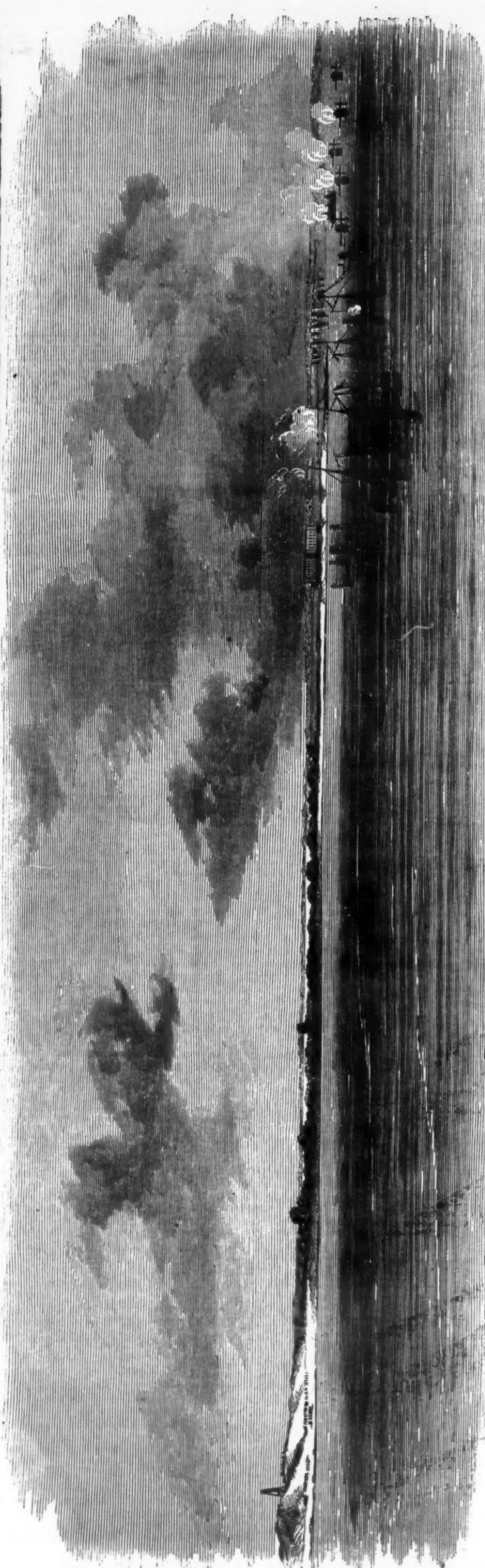


VIEW OF CHARLESTON, FORT SUMTER, WAGNER, CUMMING'S PT. AND SECESSIONVILLE.





CAPTURE OF THE LOWER PORTION OF MORRIS ISLAND BY CEN. GILMORE



BOMBARDEMENT OF FORTS ON THE LOWER PORTION OF MORRIS ISLAND

SIEGE OF CHARLESTON—ATTACK OF THE LAND AND NAVAL FORCES ON FORTS' WAGNER AND SUMTER.—FROM SKETCHES BY W. T. CHASE AND MR. SCHOFIELD, 47TH N. Y.

## CHOOSING.

BY JENNIE K. GRIFFITH.

CAN I choose? Let me see: Honeysuckle, I wonder,  
Or the Woodbine the front door over?  
That is the vine all my lovers walk under,  
And under the four-leaved clover.

There, too, they whisper "Good-night!" at going,  
Very softly, over and again,  
But that mustn't count; for there's really no knowing  
A little about these men.

I never stand there looking sorry or tender,  
To see them stride down to the gate,  
I just touch the woodbine's green, satiny splendor,  
And walk to the other vine straight.

It knows me, and offers me great cups of spices,  
That mind me of everything sweet,  
Of whipped creams, and custards, and delicate ices,  
Of music and dancing feet.

And yet—I know something unpleasant as well, too,  
After dancing last night: Grace, she—  
It's a secret, and I can't—yes I can tell, too;  
She and Charles walked here you see,  
And pacing, as I pace now, by the lattice,  
She picked him a beautiful spray,  
Which he took and kissed—I'm sure he did—that is,  
I think he did, I should say.

Did he kiss or inhale it? For presently after  
He braided it into my curls,  
And said—I don't know what, for chimes of laughter  
Rung then from those teasing girls.

## ELEANOR'S VICTORY.

BY MISS M. E. BRADDON,

AUTHOR OF "AURORA FLOYD," "LADY AUDLEY'S SECRET," "LADY LISLE," "JOHN MARCHMONT'S LEGACY," ETC.

## CHAPTER XXXIX.—LAUNCELOT'S COUNSELLOR.

MR. DARRELL, and his friend the commercial traveller, did not linger long at the garden gate. There was nothing very cordial or conciliatory in Gilbert Monckton's manner, and he had evidently no wish to cultivate any intimate relations with Monsieur Victor Bourdon.

Nor was Launcelot Darrell by any means anxious that his companion should be invited to stop at Toldale. He had brought the Frenchman to the Priory, but he had only done so because Monsieur Bourdon was one of those pertinacious gentlemen not easily to be shaken off by the victims who are so unfortunate as to have fallen into their power.

"Well," said the artist, as the two men walked away from the Priory in the murky dusk, "what do you think of her?"

"Of which her? *La belle future*, or the *other-i-r*?"

"What do you think of Mrs. Monckton? I don't want your opinion of my future wife, thank you."

Monsieur Bourdon looked at his companion with a smile that was half a sneer.

"He is so proud, this dear Monsieur Launcelot," he said. "You ask of me what I think of Mrs. Monck-a-tonne," he continued in English; "shall I tell you what I think without reserve?"

"Yes, of course."

"I think then that she is a woman of a thousand—in all that there is of resolute—in all that there is of impulsive—in all that there is of daring—a woman unapproachable, unsurpassable; beautiful to damn the angels! If in the little business that we came to talk about lately, this woman is to be in the way; I say to you, my friend, beware! If there is to be any contest between you and her, beware!"

"Pray don't go into heroics, Bourdon," answered Launcelot Darrell, with evident displeasure. Vanity was one of the artist's strongest vices; and he writhed at the notion of being considered inferior to any one, above all, to a woman. "I knew Mrs. Monckton, and I knew that she was a clever, high-spirited girl, before to-day. I don't want you to tell me that. As to any contest between her and me, there's no chance of that arising. She doesn't stand in my way."

"And you refuse to tell your devoted friend the name of the person who does stand in your way?" murmured Monsieur Bourdon, in his most insinuating tones.

"Because that information cannot be of the least consequence to my devoted friend," answered Launcelot Darrell, coolly. "If my devoted friend has helped me, he will expect to be paid for his help, I dare say."

"But, certainly!" cried the Frenchman, with an air of candor; "you will recompense me for my services if we are successful; and above all for the suggestion which first put into your head the idea—"

"The suggestion which prompted me to the commission of a—"

"Hush, my friend, even the trees in this wood may have ears."

"Yes, Bourdon," continued Launcelot, bitterly,

"I have good reason to thank you, and to reward you. From the hour in which we first met until now, you have contrived to do me some noble services."

Monsieur Bourdon laughed a dry, mocking laugh, which had something of the diabolically grotesque in its sound.

"Ah, what a noble creation of the poet's mind is *Faust*!" he exclaimed; "that excellent, that amiable hero; who would never, of his own will, do any harm; but who is always led into the commission of all manner of wickedness by Mephistopheles. And then, when this noble but unhappy man is steeped to the very lips in sin, he can turn upon that wicked counsellor and say, 'Demon, it is for your pleasure these crimes have been committed!' Of course he forgets, this impulsive *Faust*, that it was he, and not Mephistopheles, who was in love with poor *Gretchen*!"

"Don't be a fool, Bourdon," muttered the artist, impatiently. "You know what I mean. When I started in life I was too proud to commit a dishonorable action. It is you, and such as you, who have made me what I am."

"Bah!" exclaimed the Frenchman, snapping his fingers with a gesture of unutterable contempt. "You asked me just now to spare you my heroics; I say the same thing now to you. Do not let us talk to each other like the personages of a drama at the *Ambigu*. It is your necessities that have made you what you are, and that will keep you what you are so long as they exist and are strong enough to push you to disagreeable courses. Who says it is pleasant to go out of the straight line? Not I, Monsieur Lance!"

Believe me, it is more pleasant, as well as more proper, to be virtuous than to be wicked. Give me an annuity of a few thousand francs, and I will be the most honorable of men. You are afraid of the work that lies before you, because it is difficult, because it is dangerous; but not because it is dishonorable.

Let us speak frankly, and call things by their right names. You want to inherit this old man's fortune."

"Yes," answered Launcelot Darrell. "I have been taught from my babyhood to expect it. I have a right to expect it."

"Precisely; and you don't want this other person, whose name you won't tell me, to get it."

"No."

"Very well, then. Do not let us have any further dispute about the matter. Do not abuse poor Mephistopheles because he has shown the desire to help you to gain your own ends; and has already by decision and promptitude of action achieved that which you would never have effected by yourself alone. Tell Mephistopheles to go about his business, and he will go. But he will not stay to be made a—what you call—an animal which is turned out into the wilderness with other people's sins on his shoulder?—a scapegoat, or a paws-cat, which pull hot chestnuts from the fire, and burn her fingers in the interests of her friend. The chestnuts, in this case, here, are very hot, my friend; but I risk to burn my fingers with the shells in the hope of sharing the inside of the nut."

"I never meant to make a scapegoat of you, nor a cat's-paw," said Launcelot Darrell with some alarm in his tone. "I didn't mean to offend you, Bourdon. You're a very good fellow in your way, I know; and, if your notions are a little loose upon some subjects, why, as you say, a man's necessities are apt to get the upper hand of his principles. If Maurice de Crespigny has chosen to make an iniquitous will, to the ruin of his rightful heir, and for the mere gratification of an old madman's whim, the consequences of his injustice must rest on his head, not on mine."

"Most assuredly," cried the Frenchman, "that argument is not to be answered. Be happy, my friend, we will bring about a posthumous adjustment of the old man's errors. The wrong done by this deluded testa or shall be repaired before his ashes are carried to their resting-place. Have no fear, my friend; all is prepared, as you know, and, let the time come when it may, we are ready to act."

Launcelot Darrell gave a long sigh, a fretful, discontented inspiration, that was expressive of utter weariness. This young man had in the course of his life committed many questionable and dishonorable actions; but he had always done such wrong as it were under protest and with the air of a victim, who is innocently disposed, but too easily persuaded, and who reluctantly suffers himself to be led away by the counsels of evil-minded wretches.

So now he had the air of yielding to the subtle arguments of his friend, the agent for patent mustard.

The two men walked on in silence for some little time. They had left the wood long ago, and were in a broad lane that led towards Haslewood. Launcelot Darrell strolled silently along with his head bent and his black eyebrows contracted. His companion's manner had its usual dapper airiness; but every now and then the Frenchman's sharp greenish blue eyes glanced from the pathway before him to the gloomy face of the artist.

"There is one thing that I forgot in speaking of Mrs. Monckton," Monsieur Bourdon said presently; "and that is that I fancy I have seen her somewhere before."

"Oh, I can account for that," Launcelot Darrell answered, carelessly. "I was inclined to think the same thing myself when I first saw her. She is like George Vane's daughter."

"George Vane's daughter?"

"Yes, the girl we saw on the Boulevard upon the night—"

The young man stopped abruptly, and gave another of those fretful sighs by which he made a kind of sulky atonement for the errors of his life.

"I do not remember the daughter of George Vane," murmured the Frenchman, reflectively. "I knew that there was a young girl with that wear-

some old Englishman—a sort of overgrown child,

with bright yellow hair and big eyes; an overgrown child who was not easily to be shaken off; but I remember no more. Yet I think I have seen this Mrs. Monckton before to-day."

"Because I tell you Eleanor Monckton is like that girl. I saw the likeness when I first came home, though I only caught one glimpse of the face of George Vane's daughter on the Boulevard that night. And if I had not had reason for thinking otherwise, I should have been almost inclined to believe that the old schemer's daughter had come to Haslewood to plot against my interests."

"I do not understand."

"You remember George Vane's talk about his friend's promise, and the fortune that he was to inherit?"

"Yes, perfectly. We used to laugh at the poor hopeful old man."

"You used to wonder why I took such an interest in the poor old fellow's talk. Heaven knows I never wished him ill, much less meant him any harm—"

"Except so far as getting hold of his money," murmured Monsieur Bourdon, in an undertone.

The young man turned impatiently upon his companion.

"Why do you delight in raking up unpleasant memories?" he said in a half-savage, half-poetic tone. "George Vane was only one amongst many others."

"Most certainly. Amongst a great many others."

"And if I happened to play *carte* better than most of the men we knew—"

"To say nothing of that pretty little trick with an extra king in the lining of your coat sleeve, which I taught you, my friend. But about George Vane, about the friend of George Vane, about the promise—"

"George Vane's friend is my great-uncle, Maurice de Crespigny; and the promise was made when the two were young men at Oxford."

"And the promise was—"

"A romantic, boyish business, worthy of the *Minerva* press. If either of the two friends died unmarried, he was to leave all his possessions to the other."

"Supposing the other to survive him. But Maurice de Crespigny cannot leave his money to the dead. George Vane is dead. You need no longer fear him."

"No, I have no reason to fear him!"

"But of whom then have you to fear?"

Launcelot Darrell shook his head.

"Never you mind that, Bourdon," he said. "You're a very clever fellow, and a very goodnatured fellow, when you please. But it's sometimes safest to keep one's own secrets. You know what we talked about yesterday? Unless I take your advice, I'm a ruined man."

"But you will take it? Having gone so far, and taken so much trouble, and confided so much in strangers, you will surely not recede?" said Monsieur Bourdon, in his most insinuating tones.

"If my great-uncle is dying, the crisis has come, and I must decide, one way or the other," answered Launcelot Darrell, slowly, in a thick voice that was strange to him. "I—I—I can't face ruin, Bourdon. I think I must take your advice."

"I knew that you would take it, my friend," the commercial traveller returned, quietly.

The two men turned out of the lane and climbed a rough stile leading into a meadow that lay between them and Haslewood. The lights burned brightly in the lower windows of Mrs. Darrell's house, and the clock of the village church slowly struck six as Launcelot and his companion crossed the meadow.

A dark figure was dimly visible, standing at a low wicket-gate that opened from the meadow into the Haslewood shrubbery.

"There's my mother," muttered Launcelot, "watching for me at the gate. She's heard the news, perhaps. Poor soul! if I didn't care about the fortune for my own sake, I should for hers. I think a disappointment would almost kill her."

Again a coward's argument—another loophole by means of which Launcelot Darrell tried to creep out of the responsibility of his own act, and to make another, in a manner, accountable for his sin.

## CHAPTER XL.—RESOLVED.

ELEANOR MONCKTON walked slowly back to the house by the side of her husband, whose eyes never left his wife's face during that short walk between the garden gate and the long French window by which the two girls had left the drawing-room. Even in the dusk, Gilbert Monckton could see that his wife's face was unusually pale.

She spoke to him as they entered the drawing-room, laying her hand upon his arm as she addressed him, and looking earnestly at him in the red firelight.

"Is Mr. de Crespigny really dying, Gilbert?" she asked.

"I fear that from what the medical men say, there is very little doubt about it. The old man is going fast."

Eleanor paused for a few moments, with her head bent and her face hidden from her husband.

Then suddenly looking up, she spoke to him again, this time with intense earnestness.

"Gilbert, I want to see Mr. de Crespigny before he dies; I want to see him alone—I must see him!"

The lawyer stared at his wife in utter bewilderment. What in Heaven's name was the meaning of this sudden energy, this intense eagerness, which blanched the color in her cheeks, and held her breathless? Her friendly feeling for the invalid, her womanly pity for an old man's infirmities could never have been powerful enough to cause such emotion.

"I want to see Maurice de Crespigny, Eleanor?" repeated Mr. Monckton, in a tone of undisguised wonder. "But why do you want to see him?"

"I have something to tell him—something that he must know before he dies."

The lawyer started. A sudden light broke in upon his bewildered mind—a light that showed him the woman he loved in very odious colors.

"You want to tell him who you are?"

"To tell him who I am? yes!" Eleanor answered absently.

"But for what reason?"

Mrs. Monckton was silent for a moment, looking thoughtfully at her husband.

"My reason is a secret, Gilbert," she said; "I cannot even tell it to you yet. But I hope to do so very, very soon. Perhaps to-night."

The lawyer bit his under lip and walked away from his wife with a frown upon his face. He left Eleanor standing before the fireplace, and took two or three turns up and down the room, pacing backwards and forwards in moody silence.

Then, suddenly returning to her, he said, with an air of angry resolution that chilled her timid confidence in him, and cast her back upon herself, "Eleanor, there is something in all this that wounds me to the very quick. There is a mystery between us; a mystery that has lasted too long. Why did you stipulate that your maiden name should be kept a secret from Maurice de Crespigny? Why have you paid him court ever since your coming to this place? And why, now that you hear of his approaching death, do you want to force yourself into his presence? Eleanor, Eleanor, there can be but one reason for all this, and that the most sordid, the most miserable and mercenary of reasons."

George Vane's daughter looked at her husband with a stare of blank dismay, as if she was trying, but trying in vain, to attach some meaning to his words.

"A sordid reason—a mercenary reason," she repeated slowly, in a half whisper.

"Yes, Eleanor," answered Gilbert Monckton, passionately. "Why should you be different from the rest of the world? It has been my error, my mad delusion to think you so: as I once thought another woman who deceived me as God forbid you should ever deceive me. It has been my folly to trust and believe in you, forgetful of the past, false to the teaching of most bitter experience. I have been mistaken—once more—all the more egregiously, perhaps, because this time I thought I was so deliberate, so cautious. You are not different from the rest of the world. If other women are mercenary, you too are mercenary. You were not content with having sacrificed your inclination for the sake of making what the world calls an advantageous marriage. You were not satisfied with having won a wealthy husband, and you sought to inherit Maurice de Crespigny's fortune."

Eleanor Monckton passed both her hands across her forehead, pushing back the loose masses of her hair, as if she would by that movement have cleared away some of the clouds that overshadowed her brain.

"I seek to inherit Mr. de Crespigny's fortune!" she murmured.

"Yes! Your father no doubt educated you in that idea. I have heard how obstinately he built upon the inheritance of his friend's wealth. He taught you to share his hopes: he bequeathed them to you as the only legacy he had to give—"

"No!" cried Eleanor, suddenly; "the inheritance I received at my father's death was no inheritance of hope. Do not say any more to me, Mr. Monckton. It seems as if my brain had no power to bear all this to-night. If you can think these base things of me I must be content to endure your bad opinion. I know that I have been very forgetful of you, very neglectful of you, since I have been your wife, and you have reason to think badly of me. But my mind has been so full of other things; so full, that it has seemed to me as if all else in life—except those thoughts, that one hope—slipped by me like the events of a dream."

Gilbert Monckton looked half-fearfully at his wife as she spoke. There was something in her manner that he had never seen before. He had seen her only when her feelings had been held in check by her utmost power of repression. That power was beginning to wear out now. The strain upon Eleanor's intellect had been too great, and her nerves were losing their power of tension.

"Do not say anything more to me," she cried, imploringly; "do not say anything more. It will soon be over now."

"What will soon be over, Eleanor?"

"But Eleanor did not answer. She clasped her hands before her face; a half-stifled sob broke from her lips, and she rushed from the room before her husband could repeat his question.

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a lifetime of honest devotion is not always able to repair.

"She consented to marry me on the impulse of the moment, clinging to me in her loneliness and helplessness, and blinded to the future by the sorrow of the present. It was an instinct of confidence and not love that drew her towards me; and now, now that there is no retreat—no drawing back—noting but a long vista of dreary years to be spent with a man she does not love, this poor unhappy girl suffers an agony which can no longer be concealed, even from me."

Mr. Monckton paced up and down his spacious drawing-room, thinking of these things. Once he looked with a sad, bitter smile at the evidences of wealth that were so lavishly scattered about the handsome chamber. On every side those evidences met his eyes. The Guido, upon which the firelight gleamed, kindling the face of a martyr into supernatural glory, was worth a sum that would have been a fortune to a poor man. Every here and there, half hidden amongst the larger modern pictures, lurked some tiny gem of Itahan art, a few square inches of painted canvas worth full a hundred times its weight of unalloyed gold.

"If my wife were as frivolous as Laura," thought Mr. Monckton, "I could make her happy, perhaps. Fine dresses, and jewels, and pictures, and furniture, would be enough to make happiness for an empty-headed woman. If Eleanor had been influenced by mercenary feelings when she married me she would have surely made more use of my wealth; she would have paraded the jewellry I have given her, and made herself a lay figure for the display of milliner's work; at least while the novelty of her position lasted. But she has dressed as plainly as a village tradesman's wife, and the only money she has spent is that which she has given to her friend the music-mistress."

The second dinner-bell rang while Gilbert Monckton was pacing the empty drawing-room, and he went straight to the dining-room in his frockcoat, and with no very great appetite for the dishes that were to be set before him.

Eleanor took her place at the head of the table. She wore a brown silk dress, a few shades darker than her auburn hair, and her white shoulders gleamed like ivory against bronze. She had bathed her head and face with cold water, and her rippling hair was still wet. She was very pale, very grave; but all traces of violent emotion had passed away, and there was a look of quiet determination about her mouth.

Laura Mason came rustling and fluttering into the room, as Mr. and Mrs. Monckton took their places at the dinner-table.

"It's my pink," said the young lady, alluding to a very elaborate toilette of blush-rose-colored silk, bedecked with innumerable yards of lace and ribbon.

"I thought you would like to see my pink, and I want to know how it looks. It's the new pink. Launcelot says the new pink is like strawberry-ice, but I like it. It's one of the dinner dresses in my trousseau, you know," she murmured, apologetically, to Mr. Monckton; "and I wanted to try the effect of it, though of course it's only to be worn at a party. The trimmings on the cross sit beautifully; don't they, Eleanor?"

It was fortunate, perhaps, on this occasion at least, that Miss Mason possessed the faculty of keeping up a kind of convivial monologue, for otherwise there must have been a very dreary silence at the dinner-table upon this particular evening.

Gilbert Monckton never spoke except when the business of the meal compelled him to do so. But there was a certain tenderness of tone in the very few words he had occasion to address to his wife which was utterly different to his manner before dinner. It was never Mr. Monckton's habit to sit long over the dismal expanse of a dessert-table; but to-night, when the cloth had been removed and the two women left the room, he followed them without any delay whatever.

Eleanor seated herself in a low chair by the fireplace. She had looked at her watch twice during dinner, and now her eyes wandered almost involuntarily to the dial of the clock upon the chimney-piece.

Her husband crossed the room and leant for a few moments over her chair.

"I am sorry for what I said this afternoon, Eleanor," he murmured in a low voice; "can you forgive me?"

His wife lifted her eyes to his face. Those luminous gray eyes had a look of mournful sweetness in them.

"Forgive you!" exclaimed Eleanor, "it is you who have so much to forgive. But I will atone—I will atone—after to-night."

She said these last words almost in a whisper, rather as if she had been speaking to herself than to her husband; but Gilbert Monckton heard those whispered syllables, and drew his own conclusions from them. Unhappily every word that Mrs. Monckton uttered tended to confirm her husband's doubts and to increase his wretchedness.

He seated himself in a reading-chair upon the opposite side of the hearth, and drawing a lamp close to his elbow, buried himself, or appeared to bury himself, in his newspapers.

But every now and then the upper margin of the *Times*, or the *Post*, or the *Athenaeum*, or the *Saturday*, or whatever journal the lawyer happened to be perusing—and he took up one after the other with a fretful restlessness that betokened a mind ill at ease—dropped a little lower than the level of the reader's eyes, and Mr. Monckton looked across the edge of the paper at his wife.

Almost every time he did so, he found that Eleanor's eyes were fixed upon the clock.

The discovery of this fact speedily became a torture to him. He followed his wife's eyes to the slowly moving hands upon the enameled dial. He watched the minute-hand as it glided from one figure to another, marking intervals of five minutes

that seemed like five hours. Even when he tried to read, the loud ticking of the wretched timepiece came between him and the sense of the page upon which his eyes were fixed, and the monotonous sound seemed to deafen and bewilder him.

Eleanor sat quite still in her low easy-chair. Scraps of fancy-work and open books lay upon the table beside her, but she made no effort to beguile the evening by any feminine occupation. Laura Mason, restless for want of employment and companionship, fluttered about the room like some discontented butterfly, stopping every now and then before a looking-glass, to contemplate some newly discovered effect in the elegant costume which she called her "pink;" but Eleanor took no notice whatever of her murmured exclamations and appeals for sympathy.

"I don't know what's come to you, Nelly, since your marriage," the young lady cried at last; after vainly trying to draw Mrs. Monckton's attention to the manifold beauties of gauze puffs and floating streamers of ribbon; "you don't seem to take any interest in life. You're quite a different girl to what you were at Hazlewood—before Launcelot came home."

Mr. Monckton threw down the *Athenaeum*, and took up *Punch*, at this juncture. He stared with a stony face at one of Mr. Leech's most genial cartoons, and glanced almost vengefully at the familiar double columns of jokes. Eleanor looked away from the clock to answer her companion's peevish compliment.

"I am thinking of Mr. de Crespigny," she said; "he may be dying while we are sitting here."

Mr. Monckton dropped *Punch*, and looked, openly this time, at his wife's face.

Could it be, after all, that her abstraction of manner really arose from no deeper cause than her regret for the loss of this old man, who was her dead father's friend, and who had displayed an especial affection for her!

Could it be so? No! Her words that night had revealed more than a common sorrow such as this. They had betrayed the secret of a hidden struggle—a woman's grief—not easily to be repressed or overcome. There is no knowing how long the lawyer might have sat brooding over his troubles under cover of the newspapers, but presently he remembered some papers which he had brought from London that afternoon, and which it was his imperative duty—in the interest of a very important client—to read that night.

He pushed away the lamp, rose from his low chair, and went to the door of the drawing-room.

"I am going to my study, Eleanor," he said; "I shall most likely spend the rest of the evening there, and I may be obliged to be very late. You won't sit up for me?"

"Oh, no; not unless you wish it."

"On no account. Good-night. Good-night, Laura."

Even while his wife wished him good-night, her eyes wandered uneasily back to the clock. A quarter to ten.

"And he hasn't once looked at my pink!" murmured Miss Mason, as her guardian left the drawing-room.

Scarcely had the door closed when Eleanor Monckton rose from her chair.

Her flushed cheeks flamed with crimson brightness; her eyes were lighted up as if a fire had burned in their dilated pupils.

"I am going to bed, Laura," she said abruptly; "I am very tired. Good-night!"

She took a candle from a table near the door, lit it, and hurried from the room before Laura could question her or remonstrate with her.

"She doesn't look tired," thought Miss Mason; "she looks as if she were going to a ball; or going to have the scarlatina. I think I looked like that when I was going to have the scarlatina, and when Launcelot proposed to me."

Five minutes after the stable-clock struck ten, the great door of Toldale Priory was opened by a cautious hand, and Mrs. Monckton stole out of her house with a woolen cloak wrapped about her, and her head almost buried in the hood belonging to the thick winter garment. She closed the door softly, and then, without stopping to look behind her, hurried down the broad stone steps, across the courtyard, along the gravelled garden pathway, out at the narrow wooden door in the wall, and away into the dreary darkness of the wood that lay between the Priory grounds and the dwelling-place of Maurice de Crespigny.

(To be continued.)

MESSRS. L. M. SINGER & CO., of New York, who have been long known as enterprising and successful manufacturers of sewing Machines, dissolved their Co-partnership by mutual consent on the 1st inst. The Company which now manufacture the world-renowned SINGER SEWING MACHINES are a joint-stock Company, with increased facilities to conduct a mammoth business, and are known as THE SINGER MANUFACTURING COMPANY. The new Company have the best wishes of the late firm, and the public need not hesitate to bestow on them their confidence, esteem and patronage. The Singer Family Sewing Machines are fast gaining a worldwide reputation. Inslee A. Hopper, Esq., is the President of the new organization. Mr. Hopper is greatly esteemed in commercial circles, and out of them, as a gentleman of ability and reliability, and it is thought that under his able management the new Company will have all the success that can be desired.

MR. BENICZKY has lately finished some excellent likenesses. One feature of which he boasts, and justly too, is that of copying and working out from an insignificant ambrotype or daguerreotype a large sized beautiful photograph. This is especially valuable in a time when every day is one of imminent peril to so many of our gallant relations.

NORTON & CO. have combined two very excellent things in a watch—cheapness and reliability. When it is known that for 27 a person can have an excellent time-keeper, there will be greater punctuality in all the affairs of life.

THE heroine of a love-story.—A thing of goosequill and footless; only born in a garret, to be buried in a trunk.

## IN THE OLD CHURCH TOWER.

In the old church tower

Hangs the bell,  
And above it on the vane,  
In the sunshine and the rain,  
Cut in gold, Saint Peter stands,  
With the keys in his two hands,

And all is well!

In the old church tower  
Hangs the bell;  
You can hear its great heart beat—  
Ah! so loud, and wild, and sweet,  
As the parson says a prayer  
Over his happy lovers there,  
Whilst all is well!

In the old church tower

Hangs the bell,  
Deep and solemn. Hark! again!  
Ah! what passion, and what pain!  
With her hands upon her breast,  
Some poor soul has gone to rest

Where all is well!

In the old church tower  
Hangs the bell,  
A quaint friend that seems to know  
All our joy and all our woe;  
It is glad when we are wed,  
It is sad when we are dead,  
And all is well!

## RAILROADS AND TELEGRAPHS.

THIS is the age of gigantic undertakings of that practical kind which tend to the development of the resources of the earth and to the promotion of commercial enterprise, and the civilization which ever follows in the track of commerce. Sober-thought business men now propose schemes for the propounding of which 50 years ago they would have been deemed madmen, and would have been popularly recommended for the application of straight waistcoats. Science has, however, so far advanced and its resources are so stupendous, that the most gigantic enterprises are no longer judged by the possibility but by the cost—that being met, the accomplishment is locked upon a certain. The works now in progress by the English and French nations may be fairly characterized as stupendous, and their influence upon the destiny of the world can hardly be estimated: In a recent number we described a portion of a railroad which the English Government has just completed in India at the cost of £1,000,000 sterling, which, though only 16 miles long, brings the highlands of the Deccan—2,000 feet above the level of the sea—into connection with the lowlands of the Presidency. It is said to be a masterpiece—a triumph of mechanical skill.

Another remarkable railroad is about to be built by some English capitalists, which it is calculated will shorten the overland journey from India two days at least. Its course is to be through Egypt to Ros Benas, a port in the Red Sea. Along the valley of the Nile the line is perfectly level, and the road across the Desert has been so far facilitated by the breaking up of the sands by the wind that there will not be needed along the whole length of the line an embankment of more than four or five feet in height. Besides the advantage of this railroad to travellers and to commerce, it is expected that it will lead to the production of a vast amount of the finest cotton, which could be so advantageously cultivated in the great valley of the Nile, by offering a means of easy transportation to the great cotton market of the world, England.

The telegraph is working its way onwards towards China. An English officer, Capt. Sprye, proposes to carry on the telegraph wires from Shway Gyeen to Hong Kow, through Kiang Tung, Kiang Hung, Ee-nok and the principal cities and towns of the Chu Kiang, or Pearl river valley, a distance of 1,000 miles. When this is completed, he proposes to carry a second division from Galle through Amoy, Foochou-fou, Ningpo and the principal cities and towns along the coast of China to Shanghai, a distance of 850 miles.

These two great enterprises are only the beginning of the end, for on their completion it is further proposed to extend the line from Shanghai to Pekin, through Hankow and Tientsin, and winding up with a telegraphic cable from Shanghai to Japan.

The Indian Government has undertaken to construct a telegraph line which shall communicate direct from Bombay to England! The land line is to traverse the continent, Turkey, and from thence a submarine cable will extend along the Persian Gulf to Bombay. The telegraph poles for the land lines will be constructed of iron, as wooden poles are found to exhibit many disadvantages in tropical climates. When completed—and it is progressing rapidly—it will be the longest telegraphic line in the world, for it will bring England and Bombay within speaking distance.

France has also a great telegraphic scheme, neither more nor less than the laying of a submarine cable to connect Europe with the Brazils and the Brasilia with North America. The contract has been conceded to M. Ballistol, and will be commenced forthwith. It will be rather a roundabout way to send a message from New York to a friend in Paris by the way of Pernambuco!

It was once proposed in Paris to deepen the channel of the river Seine, so as to admit the passage of the largest ships up to the gay capital of France. But this has been abandoned for a grander scheme. France, under its present ruler, is trying hard to become a maritime nation, and of course its dignity will admit of nothing less than that its capital shall be a seaport! To accomplish this it is proposed to cut a canal, within three years, from Di ppe to Paris, and at the Paris terminus to erect wet docks for the accommodation of men-of-war and merchantmen. This may be the vulgar vernacular, a "big thing," and it will be conceded, we think, a very Frenchy way of making a seaport.

## A SPARROW DIVORCE AND REVENGE.

The *Shields* (England) *Gazette* has the following curious story of animal life:

In the interior of the Tyne Dock wagon shop, the attention of the workmen was, about a week ago, attracted to the movements of a pair of sparrows engaged in constructing a nest in a hollow where two girders met for the support of the iron roof. For several days they labored most assiduously in preparing their abode, when, by some sudden freak, the progress of the tiny fabric was suspended.

A few mornings afterwards the ears of the workmen were saluted by loud chirruping and the fluttering of wings, and from what transpired subsequently it was evident that the female bird had severed the conjugal bond, and enlisted the affections of another, who now vigorously contended with the rejected bird for the possession of the nest. For several hours the

contests continued, until the usurper proved the strongest.

The rejected bird shortly afterwards returned and hovered about the spot, apparently watching an opportunity for revenge. This speedily occurred, for in the course of a short time the newly-joined pair left for a brief period. In their absence the defeated sparrow approached the nest, and placing it back beneath the feathered mass, raised it from its resting-place and sent it to the ground. The surprise of the other bird on their return at beholding the demolition of their dwelling appeared to be great, and was

notwithstanding this disaster, however, they commenced to build a second nest in the same place, the rejected mate watching their proceedings with apparent interest. After two days of incessant labor they again left, for a short time, and taking advantage of their absence, the disappointed bird again demolished their feathered residence. The birds on their return commenced to build their third nest, on which they are now engaged.

## FUN FOR THE FAMILY.

A WINE-MERCHANT having sent a sample of wine to Lord Derby, which he averred was a specific for the gout, subsequently wrote asking for an order. The Earl replied, presenting his compliments to Mr. —, etc., and begged to say he had tasted the wine sent, but—preferred the gout!

A MOST interesting sight to see, is that of a young lady with "lips like rubies," with "teeth of pearly whiteness," and with cheeks "that have stolen the deep crimson of the deathless rose," with her mouth full of gingerbread!

THOSE who remember their own answers when put to it after "hooking Jack" on Sundays, will smile at the following artful dodging of a Scotch apprentice—

Master—"Whaur waur the text the day. Jock?"  
"I dinna ken—I war owe lang o' gaun in."  
"What war the conclusion?"  
"I dinna ken—I cam oot afore he war done."  
"What did he say about the midle o' t' then?"  
"I dinna ken—I slept a' the time."

SOMEBODY wants to know the name of the tune which was "played upon the feelings," and also if "the cap o' sorrow" has a sacerdote? The same inquisitor would like to know if "the light of other days" was gas or electricity? Also if the girl who "clung to hope" had not a slippery hold, and if people do not get fatigued by "the exercise of forbearance?"

WHAT the world calls avarice is sometimes no more than compulsion economy, and even wilful penury is better than a waste of extravagance. A just man being reproached with parsimony, said that he would rather enrich his enemies after his death than borrow of his friends in lifetime.

WE lately met a grammarian, says a California paper, who has just made a tour through the mines, conjugating or rather cogitating thus—"Positive, mine; comparative, minor; superlative, minus;"

"THERE'S no humbug about these sardines," said Brown, as he helped himself to a dried platter from a newly-opened box; "they are the genuine article, and came all the way from the Mediterranean."

"Yes," replied his economical wife, "and if you only control your appetite they will go a great deal farther!"

JONES, since his marriage, has taken to talk slightly of the holy estate. Brown was telling of the death of a mutual friend's wife whom "the disconsolate" had courted twenty-eight years and then married. She turned out to be a perfect virago, but died two years after the wedding. "There's luck!" said Jones; "see what the fellow escaped by a long courtship!"

*Punch* is getting severe on the whisker nuisance. It says: Four-legged asses are known by the length of their ears—two-legged asses by the length of their whiskers. Whiskers over an inch long ought to be taxed—in some countries a tax on hairrooms is levied.

A LEARNED lord, recently speaking on the salary attached to a rumored appointment to a new judgeship, said it was all moonshine. Lord Lyndhurst, in his dry, sarcastic way, remarked: "Maybe so; but I have a strong notion that moonshine though it be, you would like to see the first quarter of it."

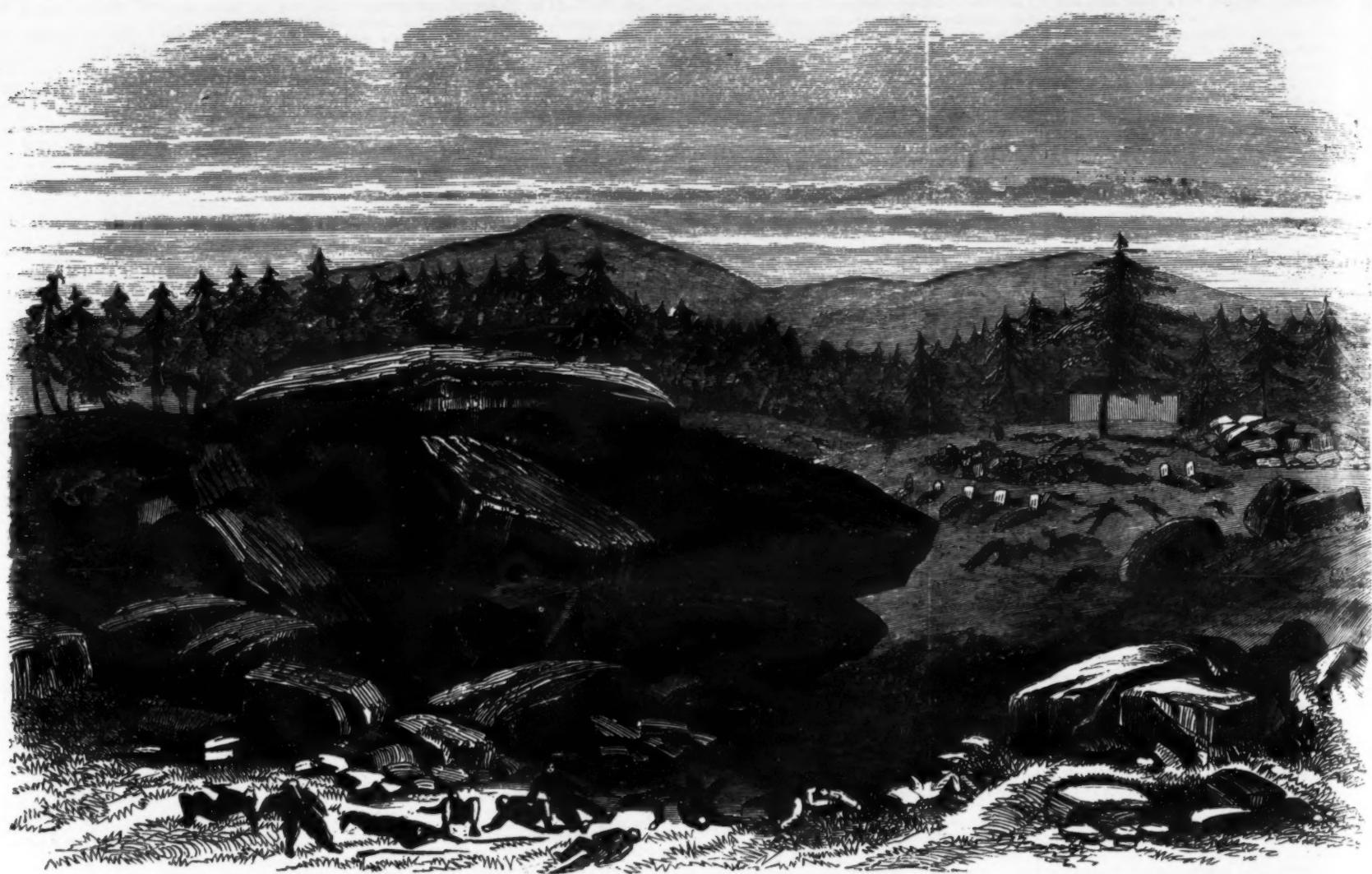
"PRAY, my lord," said a gentleman to a rather whimsical judge, "what is the distinction between law and equity courts?"

"Very little in the end," replied his lordship; "they only differ so far as time is concerned. At common law, you are done for at once; in equity, you are not so easily disengaged. The one is prædictive, the other laudanum."

SOME young ladies feeling themselves aggrieved by the severity with which their friends admonished them on their gay plumes, crinolines, scarlet petticoats and flounces, went to their pastor to learn his opinion.

"Do you think," said they, "that there can be any impropriety in our wearing these things?"

"By no means," was the reply. "When the heart is full of ridiculous notions it is perfectly proper to hang out a sign."



THE DEVIL'S DEN NEAR GETTYSBURG, THE SCENE OF THE MOST TERRIBLE FIGHT OF THE THREE DAYS BATTLE.—FROM A SKETCH BY JOSEPH R. SHURRY.

#### DEVIL'S DEN NEAR GETTYSBURG.

The most terrific fighting during the three days' fight at Gettysburg was that on the right wing of the rebel army where Longstreet commanded, opposite Round Top mountain. A correspondent sends us a sketch of "Devil's Den" at this point, a locality which will be visited for the next century by the curious. It is a wild and terrific spot in itself, and with the associations of the great battle and tales that will be handed down of the rebel soldiers who fell down the rocks and were so wedged in that they could not be removed for burial, it will acquire new horrors and interest.

#### SPEAR'S CAVALRY EXPEDITION ENTERING MURFREESBORO', N. C.

We allude in our summary to a brief expedition into North Carolina, full of interest, although not as yet productive of great results. Our Artist, who shared its adventures and excitement, sends us several sketches, from which we present this week a view of the rearguard of the 1st New York Mounted Rifles, Col. Onderdonk, passing through Murfreesboro', N. C., on the 28th of July. It is a handsome, pleasant town, with neatly-built houses, and streets shaded by trees.

#### ALICE.

TWO estates in the Genesee Valley, N. Y., joined each other, between the hereditary proprietors of which a long standing and bitter feud existed. Each one had an only child; the one, Alice, a blue-eyed, golden-haired, rosy-cheeked daughter, full of fun and affection; the other, Henry, a bright, honest, intelligent and handsome boy, a year or two older than the girl, and these two loved, tenderly loved each other. From early youth they had been dear friends and close companions, despite their parents' mutual hatred and orders to the contrary. They mastered the rudiments of learning beneath the roof of the same little red schoolhouse; plucked flowers together in the green meadows, and berries in the pastures; the same sylvan nooks and silent grottoes were shared by both together; and, indeed, they grew up asking and seeking no other companionship than their own; and would it be strange if they did not love? They did; and one moonlight night, years ago, "in the grove at the end of the vale," they pledged their hearts and their hands, and only waited for a few more seasons to roll around, and the consent of their parents, to be united in the holy bands of matrimony.

But that consent was never obtained. The father of Henry threatened to disinherit and disown him if he persisted in his youthful and foolish idea of marriage.

ing the girl; while her father swore vengeance on both, if the engagement was not immediately and for ever broken off. Heartsick and thoroughly disgusted with this turn of affairs, Henry determined to quit for ever the old homestead, the cherished scenes of his youthful sports and pleasures, his heart's idol and all, and seek comparative tranquillity of mind, and perhaps a fortune, amid the auriferous rocks, rivers and mountains of California. With sacred pledges on both sides to correspond frequently, and to remain true to each other, the young man sailed from his native shores.

This was the last they saw or heard of each other for long years. Each wrote often, but there were interested parties who saw that the letters of neither party were received, and, at last, both ceased, with sorrowful forebodings, to write at all. At last a rumor reached Alice that Henry was dead, and that his remains lay buried beneath the sod of a mountain slope in California. Then the young girl's heart sunk within her breast; the blow was too terrible, and for months she hovered over the brink of the grave. She recovered, however, but the sparkle had left her eye and the bloom had faded from her cheeks; sorrow and gloom settled down over her like a great, black pall, which no tender love or soothing words could remove or dispel.

After she had partially recovered from many weary months of despair and grief, her hand was sought in marriage by a worthy young man of the neighborhood, and at the urgent solicitation of her parents that hand was given. But what a mockery! She

frankly told her future husband that her heart could never be his; that it was placed in possession of another years ago; that she would try to make him a dutiful wife, but to love him she never could. He was satisfied with this, and they were married.

The young husband and unhappy bride immediately started for the great west, and in due time reached and settled in — county. But the husband's career here was destined to be a short one. A few months only elapsed ere he fell a prey to the malarious fevers of the country, and he was followed to his last resting-place by his weeping wife and the few friends he had made during his short sojourn here. He left ample property for the support of his widow, and she determined to remain in her newly-made home. In the meantime the great rebellion had broken out, and as soon as the news reached the shores of the Pacific, among the first to drop everything and start for the scene of the conflict was our hero, Henry. Arriving at New York, he, without visiting his old home, enlisted in a city regiment, and in two days was embarked for the field of deadly strife.

For two years he helped to fight the battles of liberty, and only a short time since, in a terribly bloody and stoutly contested battlefield, he received a desperate wound, which sent him to the hospital, and nearly deprived him of his life. For life he cared but little; it had but few charms for him now, and had not had for years. Soon after entering the hospital he formed the acquaintance of a wounded soldier from — county, who occupied the cot next to his, and very soon an intimacy sprang up between them which has ripened into a strong and lasting friendship. Being both permanently disabled, a few weeks ago



SPEAR'S CAVALRY EXPEDITION ENTERING MURFREESBORO', NORTH CAROLINA.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, G. H. H. BOWWILL.



BRIG.-GEN. T. W. SHERMAN, U. S. A.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY ANTHONY.



THE LATE BRIG.-GEN. GEORGE C. STRONG, U. S. A.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY WHIPPLE

they each obtained an honorable discharge from the service, and soon prepared to leave. After a good deal of coaxing, Henry was induced to accept the invitation of his comrade to visit his home in Illinois.

And now comes the closing scene of our story—a story repeated to us a few days since by one of our most reliable citizens.

Only a few evenings since, a young man started for a solitary stroll through the little village, which shall, for the present, be nameless. He had not gone far on a retired street when he discovered in the gloaming a female figure in sable apparel approaching him, the sight of which made his blood leap in his veins and his pulse beat faster. But it could not be. No, it could not be her. Still the figure approached, and still his heart beat quicker, quicker, and he stopped short in his walk. And with one glance at him the lady, too, stopped. Her heart almost ceased to pulsate. They took a step forward—another—a look into each other's eyes for one brief moment—

"Henry!"  
"Alice!"  
And Alice was clasped to the manly bosom of her old suitor in one long embrace of purest love; their lips met, and the curtain drops for the present. And we leave the happy pair, trusting that the printers will receive a generous slice of the bridal loaf when the event comes off, which we learn is not far distant.

This brief tale is a true one.

"HUSBAND, I must have some change to-day." "Well, stay at home and take care of the children; that will be change enough, anyhow."

#### DISCOVERIES AT DOUAI.

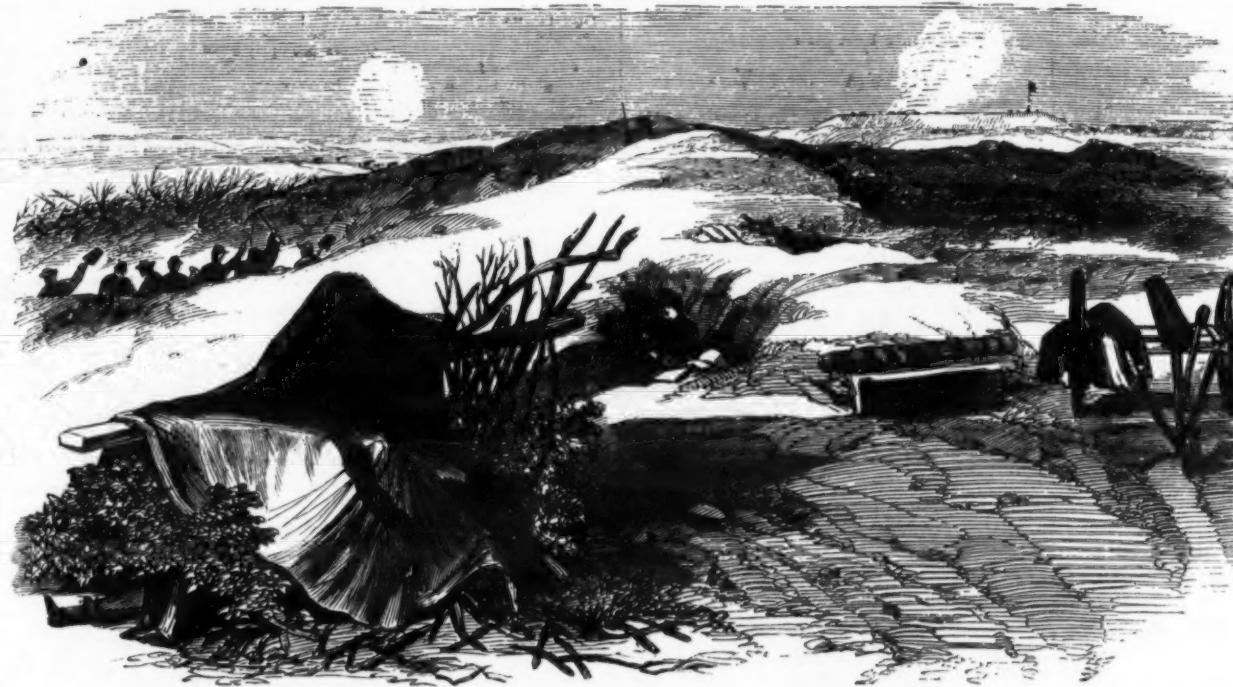
AN interesting search is now being prosecuted at Douai, well-known as the spot where the Catholic version of the Scriptures called the Douai Bible was completed in 1609, by Dr. Gregory Martin, Cardinal Allen and other divines.

Before the revolution there existed there an English college for the education of priests, which, during the worst days of 1793, underwent the fate of all similar establishments. Before, however, leaving the hospital asylum some of the inmates buried in two chests all the plate, silver vessels, and sacred relics belonging to the community, which included among

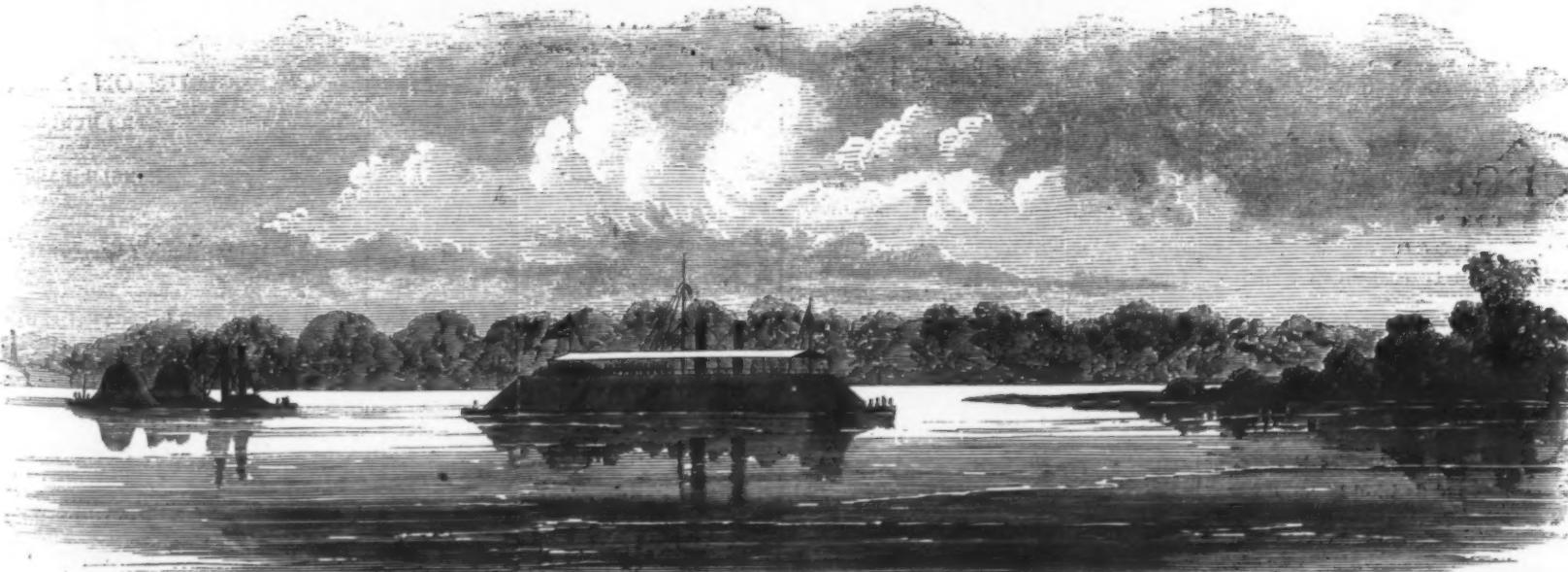
other objects the haircloth of Thomas a'Becket and the skullcap of St. Carlo Borromeo. The building and grounds were purchased by the Government in 1834, and are now occupied by the corps of Engineers.

The secret had been religiously kept until the present moment, when the authorization to recover the buried treasure having been obtained, the search was commenced some days back. After some difficulty in finding the exact spot, arising from changes which have taken place in the distribution of the rooms, on digging beneath the fire-place of an old chimney in one of the rooms on the ground floor, one of the chests was discovered, containing a quantity of silver articles, such as goblets, dishes, crusts, etc., of the value of about 4,000\$. Among the most remarkable are a silver-mounted dish, bearing the name of Norfolk, and the date 1761. Upon different goblets bearing armorial escutcheons are the names of Philip Howard, of Norfolk, 1744; Father Daniel, 1747; Henry Wilkens, 1761; Thomas Giffard, of Chillington, 1755; and of Jean Knapp, 1763. The search for the other chest containing the reliquies is being continued.

The Paris correspondent of the Philadelphia *Bulletin* gives a rosy description of Siddle and his doings. He sports a pale pink carriage, in the Bois de Boulogne, and with a gorgeous fankey, with enormous calves, behind, he is driven up and down at the fashionable hour. His daughter is, according to this correspondent, "languidly beautiful," while his son-in-law is "a good looking, well-dressed young fellow!"



PIECE OF CHAWLESTON, S. C.—UNION TROOPS ERECTING SIEGE WORKS ON MORRIS ISLAND.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.



THE WAR ON THE MISSISSIPPI—THE GUNBOATS CHOCAW AND REGIS GUARDING THE MOUTH OF RED RIVER.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, FRED. R. SCHELL.

**THE FRENCH ARMY.**—The Military Almanac for the present year has only just been given to the public. It appears from it that there are at present ten marshals of France—Marshals Vaillant figures at the head of the list. His commission is dated Dec. 1861. Count Orsano is the last; he was appointed the 2d of August, 1861. The number of Generals of Division on the general staff maintained in the first section as having been Commanders-in-chief is ten, Count Schramm is the first, and Count Palacio the last. That of Generals of Brigade, 158. There are 77 Generals of Division and 170 Generals of Brigade in the second section of the Reserve. The staff corps, which, according to the term of the decree of the 2d of June, 1860, ought to be composed of 580 officers, comprises, according to the Military Almanac for the present year, 35 Colonels, 35 Lieutenant-Colonels, 110 Majors, 300 Captains, and 100 Lieutenants. The Commissariat is composed, in conformity with the law of the 12th of June, 1856, of 264 functionaries, of whom 8 hold the rank of Commissary-General; 26 military intendants; deputies of the first class, 50; second class, 100; adjutants to the military intendants of the first class, 50; of the second class, 24. The army is divided into seven corps d'armée, of which six are in France and one in Algeria. It comprises likewise an expeditionary corps in Mexico, and an active division in Rome.

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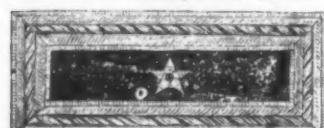
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